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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Hissiad: A Correction

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Red China's Three Mistakes

JOHN C. CALDWELL

Robin Hood at Harvard

JOHN LEONARD

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · STEFAN T. POSSONY
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

The Dalai Lama will not be coming to the United States in the near future. Reason: State Department officials agree with Southeast Asia leaders his value as an anti-Communist resistance symbol would be lessened by coming under the American umbrella. . . . A New York publisher interested in securing rights to the Dalai Lama's own story of his heroic three-hundred-mile trek to freedom. Proceeds to go to the newly formed Committee for Aid to Tibetan Refugees. . . . The following classified advertisement appearing in the college dailies: "American volunteers are trained for infiltration into Tibet. Contact John Blackmore, University of California, Berkeley." . . . Taiwan sources estimate more than 4,000 rebels were killed in Sinkiang province last March when Chinese guerrillas attempted to link up with Tibetan freedom fighters.

Republican congressional leaders encouraged about prospects for 1960. They say more precinct level work is being done than at any time in twenty years. . . . New England GOP workers disagree. They report Young Republican groups largely inactive. . . . Linus Pauling, in a speech last week, estimated the U.S. had 75,000 nuclear weapons—by far the highest estimate yet. The figure, totally unconfirmed, will probably appear shortly in releases of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and other collaborationist groups.

The Institute of Pacific Relations lost two motions last week in federal court to regain its tax-exempt status as an educational organization. . . . The International League for the Rights of Man reported to the United Nations that 6,000 refugees who returned to Hungary under amnesty have been jailed—some executed. . . . More than half of the lawyers in Budapest have been expelled from the bar in the past year. . . . Nehru, who refused to believe American prisoners had been brainwashed in Korea, says it took Pakistan only one week to brainwash the Indian pilot who confessed he was making a surveillance flight over Pakistan when shot down.

To Czech screams that the arms on the freighter Lidice, recently seized by France, were not intended for Algeria, the French retort: Then why weren't they listed on the manifest? . . . Fact we find hard to believe: that the children of Sweden actually voted for a six-day school week.

The WEEK

● Memo for Mrs. Luce: Senator Morse's troubles substantially antedate his encounter with the horse. In the future, please do not exaggerate. What do you want to do, lose the horse vote?

● When Secretary of State Marshall launched the government's foreign aid program at Harvard in June 1947, it contained a characteristically crosseyed proposal to ladle out the millions not only to our friends and allies but to the Soviet Union and its satellites as well. The 80th Congress scotched that. In twelve years the exponents of foreign aid have become more adept. Comes now the "Committee to Strengthen the Frontiers of Freedom," the Eisenhower Administration's official unofficial pressure group for its mutual security bill (now before Congress). This year, the ideological nature of foreign aid is being played down: the emphasis is to be on foreign aid as a weapon in the struggle against Communism. Has there been a change of heart, we hope; or merely a change of tactics? In any case, we welcome the reformulation of the rationale for foreign aid.

● Senator Estes Kefauver's plan to use his Anti-trust Subcommittee hearings to make big business the public scapegoat for inflation slipped up last week. Mr. Gardiner C. Means, dragged out of an old New Deal pasture, pronounced his anathema as specified: "administered prices," wickedly raised by monopolistic, duopolistic and oligopolistic corporations are the inflationary devil. Mr. Raymond J. Saulnier, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, upset the spell by talking simply, clearly and to the point: "There is no single cause of inflation; sometimes prices rise because of the pull of demand; and sometimes because of a push from costs. In my judgment, the latter was a major factor in 1956-58, *primarily because of a tendency for increases in money wages during that period to outstrip improvements in productivity.*"

● At the Justice Department, there is perceptible tension as the attack on big-city crime and racketeering, planned over the past eleven months, begins to move into gear. A team of legal experts has been scanning laws already on the books and has found in Taft-Hartley, the Hobbs Act, and the anti-trust statutes the means to break up the Syndicate which has muscled its way into control of unions, businesses, and politics. That such a Syndicate exists is no longer a matter of conjecture: It does. But between this knowledge and legal proof is a long road—and the most serious obstacle is the tie-up between crime and political organisms which control the large metropolitan areas. It is not a secret that the vaudeville attempts at exposure cost Senator Estes Kefauver dearly in his efforts to snag the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1952 and 1956. A Republican Justice Department may carry fewer shackles as it proceeds.

● Nikita Khrushchev issued his "Berlin ultimatum" on November 27. He proclaimed that if no agreement on Berlin had been reached within six months, he would hand over to East Germany the control over the land and air corridors, and would sign a final peace treaty with the Communist East German government. The deadline date—May 27—is now coming up, and no agreement is in sight. Since November Khrushchev has seemed to soften his original ultimatum. All the Western leaders assume that the May 27 deadline has been tacitly discarded. A few seasoned observers believe that the very universality of this assumption is a good reason to expect a surprise. By making some sort of dramatic Berlin move on May 27, Khrushchev would prove himself "a man of his word"—and at the same time catch the West completely off balance.

● The *New York Times* has published a supercolossal series of articles on the supercolossal prospects of Siberia—which aims, the imposing headlines informed us, to surpass the United States economically. Thousands of column inches are thereupon devoted to outlining how this is to be accomplished. But none of them copes with what is surely a highly relevant economic disability, intrinsic to the experiment: that Russia is socialist. That simple datum means that Siberia will never compete successfully with the United States, any more than slavery will compete successfully against freedom at freedom's economic game, which is the production of abundance.

● A happy plan to ship several thousand Russian Canadians back to Russia, at their own request, has died without a gasp. The Doukhobors have distressed Canadian authorities ever since they emigrated from Russia to Canada in 1889. They grew as a fanatical fringe expressing general disaffection by parading publicly in the nude, burning down schools, wife-swapping and riotous assembly. They refused to pay taxes or send their children to school. When their leaders were jailed for arson in 1953, their children were consigned to a dormitory school to be fed, sheltered, and educated. Then the Soviet Union, with

its well-lubricated propaganda machine, stepped into the morass. Calling the dormitory school a concentration camp, Communists attempted to elicit international sympathy for the oppressed slaves of imperialism. Last year the Doukhobors' spokesman asked that they be repatriated to Russia—and the Canadian government stumbled over itself in gleeful collaboration, offering $2 million to finance the trip, and setting up a bureau to handle the applications. The deadline for applications has come and gone—with only forty takers. And those forty can't go. Russia won't accept them.

● Advertised in the *Worker* is Corliss Lamont's latest pamphlet, *A Peace Program for the U.S.A.*, which proposes that we: stop the armaments race; recognize Red China; neutralize Germany; withdraw from military bases around the world; support the United Nations and establish normal international trade and cultural relations. As succinct a listing of the current Soviet and Communist program as we have seen in many a day.

Wide of the Mark

The U.S. Senate has passed a labor bill by a vote of 90 to 1 (the lone dissenter being Barry Goldwater of Arizona). It is not, itself, a bad bill. It enjoins fiscal responsibility on union officials. It provides for local union elections at least every three years. It sets up standards of internal union democracy, and establishes penalties against officers who refuse to observe them. It enables a union member to complain in court about the political or other misuse of his dues money. Finally, it prohibits the "hot cargo" clauses (stipulations against handling union-disapproved freight) that have been written into many Teamsters Union contracts.

These provisions make at least token connection with the revelations of the McClellan Committee. They are the "sweeteners" that make the bill palatable to conservatives. For organized labor there are sweeteners, too. There is no clause against secondary boycotts. The penalties against blackmail picketing are conspicuous by their absence; all the bill does in this matter is to bar organizational picketing for nine months after a defeat in a recognition vote or when another union has already been recognized as a legitimate bargaining agent. Strikers who have been displaced by non-union members retain their voting rights, subject to unlikely disqualification after a lapse of time by the National Labor Relations Board. And—the biggest sweetener of all for the labor forces—the bill amends the Taft-Hartley Law to permit building trades unions and contractors to sign contracts without proving that a majority of the workers want union membership. Moreover, building trades workers are required to join the union within seven days after taking a job instead of the thirty-day period permitted under Taft-Hartley.

Presumably the House of Representatives will eventually accept the bill pretty much as it stands. Though he has indicated he would like much stronger provisions against indiscriminate picketing, President Eisenhower will be under strong compulsion to sign any bill that gets the "labor problem" out of the way as a handicap for 1960.

So, a bill that is not a bad bill will almost certainly become the law of the land some time this summer. But will it actually make much difference?

There is the rub. The bill may not be a bad bill; but it is not a good bill. The trouble with it is that it is largely irrelevant to the crucial issue in labor-management relations. It leaves the whole glaring subject of union monopoly power untouched. Let us say, just for argument's sake, that the United Steelworkers of America is a thoroughly honest organization. Let us say that its officers are not thieves and that they do not maintain a policy of vicious reprisal against union members who grouse about the size of the dues or the political preferences of the union majority. Still and all, the United Steelworkers of America, since they have virtual monolithic power in the steel country (only National Steel and Armco are islands of labor voluntarism in the whole vast structure of the steel industry), can enforce a uniform across-the-board rise in steel wages regardless of the individual company's capacity to pay. Nominally, bargaining may still be done company by company and union local by union local. But if there are exceptions to be made in the case of the marginal concern, it is not something to be decided by the local union in collaboration with local management. The word goes out from President David McDonald's headquarters in Pittsburgh—and that's that.

Just how could this problem of monopolistic domination of the bargaining process be handled in law? As we see it, the proper way of dealing with the matter would be to make union membership voluntary. A union leadership that is under compulsion day in and day out to bid for the loyalty of its own rank and file would presumably think twice before ordering a strike in a small marginal company that is struggling to stay in business.

Another thing: a union leadership that has continually to bid for the loyalty of followers will think twice before committing the rank and file to specific political programs. The leadership of a voluntary labor movement would hardly dare to make a unilateral distribution of political handouts from the union treasury in an election year.

The present Senate labor bill does nothing to de-

liver the nation from the monopolistic features of the present union organization. On the other hand, it actually compounds the monopoly element in the building trades unions. Even so, we are thankful for one thing: the official labor movement has not succeeded in persuading Congress to prohibit state right-to-work laws. Relief from the worst features of monopoly is still possible on a state to state basis; and the manufacturer who finds he can't live with Walter Reuther in Michigan can still move across the border into Indiana and survive.

Uhuru-Ushuru

At Carnegie Hall, Tom Mboya of Kenya waited until the last minute to slip out of his Bond Street suit; but, on cue, he donned his native skull-cap and cape, and proclaimed African Freedom Day to a packed house. It was the soft sell, by comparison with his address last fall at the All-African Peoples Conference in Accra, at which his rhetoric about European imperialism was decidedly more emphatic, and decidedly more Marxian in overtone. He adjusted admirably to the relatively genteel stipulations of the occasion, which provided a poetry reading by Langston Hughes, singing by the Mariners Quartet, and a speech by Governor G. Mennen Williams—who wants to give Free Africa $1.5 billion, and perhaps looks forward to the day when Kenya can make Michigan a little old loan to ease the state out of its present fiscal embarrassment.

A most perplexing agglomeration of persons sponsored the event, during which Mr. Mboya chastised the United States for not supporting the Algerian rebels against France, and proclaimed his undying opposition to the testing of A-bombs in the Sahara desert—whose relationship to African freedom was left to the creative imagination of the audience. It is strange to see the names of James Farley, Christopher Emmet, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst (what's the matter with *Mr.* Hearst? White supremacist, eh?) and Mr. Whitelaw Reid appear on a masthead with those of Adam Clayton Powell, Roger Baldwin, George Counts, Arthur Schlesinger, John Mackay, Allan Nevins and Stanley Isaacs. And strange to find a sophisticated audience accepting so gullibly the call by Mboya for democracy—a call in which he is joined by the Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Elect of God, the great democrat Haile Selassie; by President William V. Tubman of Liberia (99 per cent of the vote); General Ibrahim Abhoud of the Sudan (*coup d'état*); Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana (who, finding the opposition annoying, puts it in jail); the King of Libya (every inch a king); and President Nasser (whose opposition, so far as one can see, confines his political activities to prosely-ting among the belly dancers of Roman night-clubs).

The question in Kenya is not democracy, but whether England will preside over an orderly transition to self-rule, or whether Mboya and his associates will preside over a chaotic transition; whether effective control over a backward country will remain in British hands or in the hands of authoritarian natives. Mr. Mboya is far too able and too responsible, we should judge, to wish to turn over effective control of his country to the illiterates and savages in whose name he claims to speak. Just as the question in Algeria is whether the French, including two million colonials, will exercise transitional control, or turn control over to the fanatical nationalists whose principal inspiration is the bloodthirsty galvanism of Radio Cairo. One must recognize the reality of nationalist aspirations, and their essential legitimacy. But one must recognize also that a Jacobinical overthrow of Western influence in Africa is not likely to induce a satisfactory solution in Kenya, any more than it did in Egypt, or in Ghana. The name of Michael Blundell was not mentioned at Carnegie Hall. He has a movement called the Progressive European Group, with backing from all races, including the Asians whom Mboya's racism repels.

"You're putting words in my mouth! Just because I advocate eliminating the states doesn't mean I advocate eliminating the Interstate Agencies! That would mean the Federal Government might have to get out of the power, construction, manufacturing, warehousing, real estate, banking, insurance, education and welfare businesses and get back into Federal Government!"

which calls for a modification of the concededly inadequate Lennox-Boyd Constitution under which Kenya is now governed, a march toward measured self-rule. It is a program that does not suit the convulsive temperament of Mr. Mboya.

The role of the United States is not easy. We have done our share in the sacrilegious apotheosis of Democracy, which our ideologues have idolatrously misrepresented as the guaranteed solvent of freedom. The African population may succeed in excreting the White Man's culture but, alas, will do so under the auspices of a towering White Man's Superstition; the mischievous superstition of democracy. Mboya had the crowd chanting "Uhuru" the other night, which means freedom. Those who want freedom for Kenya, and for all Africans, should not feel that they must sing in Mr. Mboya's choir.

The Prairie Meets the Sea

With the modest minimum of ceremony, one of mankind's great works of physical construction began operating at 8:45 on the morning of April 25, with the passage of the Canadian icebreaker, *d'Iberville*, into the St. Lambert lock of the St. Lawrence River. Although the official opening will not take place until President Eisenhower and Queen Elizabeth meet for its celebration on June 26, ocean-going ships are already moving in both directions through the series of locks that lift from Montreal on into the Great Lakes and the geographical core of North America.

The St. Lawrence Seaway, actually, is much more than a ship channel. It is also a set of great dams; of new lakes that bring new sources of energy, irrigation, sport and beauty to a huge area; and of power stations that will soon supply more than 2,000,000 kilowatts of electricity to the homes and rapidly expanding industries along both the Canadian and U.S. sides of the river.

Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and Duluth are now seaports. The heartland of the Midwest with its plains and prairies, its mills and factories, is now joined arterially to salt water. The twenty-seven foot channel will take all but the largest ships. There is disagreement about how much tonnage is to be expected, but it will be considerable; enough, we imagine, to have noticeable and sometimes surprising influence on the ideas as well as the economy of the new Midwestern seashore.

The Seaway will raise, and has raised, difficult problems—for the railroads and eastern seaports, for example, that may be hurt by traffic diversion. Not all the problems have been solved as one might have wished. We regret, in particular, that private enterprise is not charged with the U.S. part of the power project, although the adopted solution of an independent power authority under New York State is preferable to the federal behemoth that the public power lobby demanded. The tolls are probably not high enough to pay their way, which means that the shipping gets an unjustifiable subsidy.

But the achievement, with all qualifications, is splendid and dramatic. There should be no alloy in the satisfaction we in this country find in the fact that the Seaway has been from its beginning a joint enterprise with the northern neighbor whose national destiny, in this age of the struggle for continents and the world, has been indissolubly linked to our own.

There Ought to be a Law

With considerable arrogance (the Supreme Court can lick you with one hand tied behind its back) a slew of Communists faced down the House Committee on Un-American Activities last week. In the Committee's face, they spat the Fifth Amendment and other provocations, and otherwise rubbed in the fact that they now hold passports which, the Supreme Court having stripped the State Department of its power to withdraw, no one could take from them. They would travel about the world as they pleased and, it was left for the House Committee to infer, do their very best to continue to undermine American interests. Whereupon they walked out of the room, and there was nothing to be done.

Mr. Whittaker Chambers writes eloquently in this issue of the right of an American citizen to travel freely, a right he would not impinge upon, a right no editor of NATIONAL REVIEW would impinge upon. The integrity of our freedoms should not be defaced by Goldberg contrivances designed to make expediential exceptions to the rule. The Supreme Court is correct in striking down such devices. What is posed here is a problem in political theory: how to maintain our freedom, and yet impede and punish those who conspire to destroy.

The State Department retains the right to prohibit a passport to a "habitual criminal," and it is not expected that the Supreme Court will upset this right. One asks, are not Communists habitual criminals in fact? And if we are guilty of using a legal term metaphorically, why not take the corrective measure of making Communism a legal crime, so that to be a Communist will be a criminal activity not only *sub specie aeternitatis*, which always it was, but also under the laws of the United States? Difficult to enforce? Of course it is, but having put our theoretical house in order, we would find, as West Germany found after illegalizing Communism four years ago, that effective strides can be made.

The argument that what we do today to the Com-

Robin Hood at Harvard

Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 26

Fidel Castro performed last night with a trouper's intrepidity.

First there was a scene of Keystone-cop confusion, staged by 500 Harvard and Cambridge, and three cordons of Boston, policemen. They lined the streets, trampled on the shrubbery, hid behind the marble columns, prowled the rim of Harvard Stadium behind the arc-lights, and patrolled the grass aisles outside Dillon Field House (scene of impromptu football pep rallies in the fall) with flashlights and billy-clubs. Everything was confiscated at the gate, from flower bouquets to bottles of wine, when 10,000 members of the Harvard community streamed in, filling 7,000 folding chairs and ringing the field, and achieving an appropriate atmospheric blend of carnival and concentration camp.

Lloyd's of London wagered $300,000 that Havana's harangue-outang would last out the evening alive, and a cool $1 million that he wouldn't be scratched. (The Law School Forum reportedly had a rougher financial time of it, due to Robin Hood's insistence that his forestmen be bedded down at the Statler-Hilton.) The field itself was overrun by a mad complex of students seeking seats, *Life* photographers lugging cameras, television engineers giving orders, Cuban-Americans wearing Fidelista armbands and waving "26 Julio" banners, *Crimson* reporters sauntering coolly about, Latin-types mumbling Spanish. Every man wearing a beard was hilariously applauded. Paper airplanes crisscrossed the audience. Old friends met for the first time in four years. As one observer remarked, it was the social event of Harvard's spring season.

Then, a little late, the burlesque. Fidel Castro, coat-hanger for the vestments of the new Caribbean charisma, appeared on a specially constructed balcony, two stories up, emblazoned with the one crimson word, VERITAS; and proceeded to deliver his mystique, in a theatrically broken English, through his beard.

You have to give Castro his personal appeal, the almost flawless texture of the union of the man, the mission, and the people. Not since Huey Long has anyone invoked "The People" so often, as the divine and sublime authority for all his actions; and whatever our verdict on those actions, Castro is in league with the people of Cuba. He is quite evidently sincere, like Savonarola, and personable, like Joe McCarthy; addicted to impulsive private conversations with any random individual who catches his eye, to whom he will confide how "I and six men" launched a revolution. He gives the impression of honesty, and also of a genuine concern for the opinion of the American press. There is much to be concerned about, for Cuba's war, despite Herbert Matthews and Errol Flynn and George Raft, was war according to Hemingway, not Henry James, and there is no prettifying it.

But once again Castro demonstrated his grotesque unfitness for a position of political responsibility. His economics are a joke. His dead-end imperialism a threat to the stability of Latin America (witness, *e.g.*, the attack on Panama). His voluble humanitarianism seems not to preclude the employment of bulldozers to bury the bodies of the men he kills, nor does it open the doors to the prisons where newspapermen who have criticized him are incarcerated. He can speak of the "tyranny of hunger and of poverty," and dismiss his critics with the concept of "revolutionary justice." But we have heard those rationalizations before; they have led to his double-think logistics, to his officially sanctioned court of vengeance; they can pave the way to a despotism as cruel as Batista's (who was another "revolutionary hero" in 1933). Castro may have the disposition of a great man of the people; he has also the aspirations of a tyrant.

Which brings up the role of Harvard: the tragedy. It records the total failure of Harvard students to exercise the intellectual and ethical discrimination they went to Cambridge to acquire. Granted the appeal of the man of action, a man who has actually *done* something in the world, a striking contrast to Harvard Hamlets with their button-down existentialism; is that appeal *irresistible*? Apparently, unfortunately, so. When the circus had folded its tents, the stench remained: a half-dozen simple-minded questions from previously designated student interrogators, questions which ignored Communism in Cuba, ignored the martyr in the making—Ernesto de la Fé, ignored Castro's announced refusal to support the West in the event of war, ignored his polemical aggressions on neighboring nations, his demagogic denunciations of American business . . . The wild applause that greeted Castro's flippant repudiation of the concept of double jeopardy ("The People have as much right to appeal as the criminals") . . . The incredible submissiveness to the rhetoric of demagogy; the adulation of the man!

Fidel Castro, man of action, has apparently machine-gunned his way into Harvard's heart, at the expense of its head.

JOHN LEONARD
Harvard, ex-1960

munists, others will do to us tomorrow, invoking the sanction and precedent we created, is unsatisfying, and depends for its cogency on a coordinate suppression of the discriminatory apparatus—without which we will lose our freedoms in any case. ("If you electrocute murderers today, you will find yourself electrocuting thieves tomorrow . . .") Denying a freedom to a Communist does not equal denying it to a freeman, and if the man who says the two are equal has his way, he has won the argument by a sophism—which is not the fault of the man who advocated the repression of Communists, citing the right of a society to suspend the rights of its enemies. *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*: Communists are outlaws, and as such are not entitled to the rights to which others lay claim. The challenge—to which our political scientists and jurists should search out the solution—is to affirm this distinction, the reality of which is unchallengeable, in legal and political language. Until that is done, the Supreme Court is correct: the Communists can lay claim to passports. For when the passport is denied, it must be done under the sanction of the law.

It is that law that we need.

The Anti-Nuclear Fraud

In all non-Communist nations—but *not*, you may be sure, in any nation behind the Iron Curtain—there now operate strident organizations whose avowed objective is the end of all nuclear tests. In the United States we have the smugly self-christened "American Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy," whose prophet is fellow-traveling chemist Linus Pauling, whose professional promoter is Norman Cousins, and whose house organ is Mr. Cousins' *Saturday Review*.

The pitch made by this Committee in shilling for collaboration with the Soviet nuclear program is a modern variant of the hard sell used by Dark Age bigots to put across their anti-Semitism. They used to spread the story that Jews kidnapped Christian children, offered their little victims in bloody and horrible rites, and finally put them slowly to death by crucifixion. If a mildly skeptical citizen asked for some proof of the charges, the standard reply was: So you line yourself up with child murderers, and defend the torture of babies!

The Pauling-Cousins propaganda line is also based on child-murder. The nuclear tests leave a radioactive fallout that causes horrible diseases, deformities and deaths in millions of children born and unborn. Therefore we must stop all tests at once, no matter what Russia does. We, at least, will not be murdering innocent children.

This line is and always has been an ideological fraud. Dr. Edward Teller long ago pointed out: a) radioactivity received by human beings from natural and uncontrollable sources (cosmic rays, the earth around us) is far greater than that from tests; b) radioactivity from medical X-rays is several times greater; c) there is no objective proof that the increased radioactivity due to test fallout is enough to cause *any* death or serious injury.

Within the past month the fraud has come all the way to the surface. At Geneva the U.S. delegation proposed an end to atmospheric and underwater tests, that is, an end to those tests that bring significant increase in fallout. And the National Committee on Radiation, Protection and Measurements, on the basis of five years' research, *doubled* the official estimate of the level of Strontium-90 and other radioactive substances that can be safely absorbed. This concentration is *one thousand times* that present in adults during 1957, and *three hundred times* the level present in children.

It is thus established that a test program such as went on up to October 1958 does not cause an appreciable fallout danger. And even if there *were* a danger from that program, the new U.S. proposals on tests would eliminate it.

This completely destroys the alleged scientific case for the Pauling-Cousins anti-test proposals. But they and their committee continue their horror-propaganda and their cries of child-killer without apology, explanation or abatement. Thus they prove that they are in the clutch of an irrational obsession which has nothing to do with the truth about tests and fallout. Self-deceived, they busily deceive their fellow citizens, while serving, by the consequences of their actions, only the interests of our undeceived enemy.

The Flowering Sahara

The Mideast Arab nations, minus Iraq, plus Iran and Venezuela, have just held in Cairo a conference on oil that spouted a much weaker gusher than had been predicted beforehand by most political geologists. The anticipated demand for a revision of the existing 50-50 contracts stayed underground. A curious statement by an American adviser to Saudi Arabia that the Arab governments were not bound by the contracts they had entered into roused no echoes. Not much was said about nationalization. Venezuela's exploratory probing in search of price-pegging proved dry. Instead there was sobering discussion of industry problems, and a sketchy outline of plans to extend government participation from production, to which it is now largely restricted, to transportation, refining and marketing.

In the Cairo conference room the demagogy that reigns in the Mideastern streets evaporated for a few

days at any rate, under the chilling impact of economic realities. Not all the curses of the wildest Arab fanatics can alter the fact that: a) the economy of the Mideastern nations depends on oil; b) western Europe is the major market for Mideast oil; c) the West is the primary source of capital and technicians for oil development; d) the interests of the several Arab nations in oil are not identical; e) there is at present a world surplus of petroleum.

But it was a new factor that brought sobriety to Cairo. From a very small gleam in the sand three years ago there has spread on the geologists' maps the structural outline of a great new oil and gas-bearing region, which will rank, by current indication, as the world's third, after the Mideast and North America: in the sun-drowned desert of the French-governed Sahara. The first pipeline from the Hassi-Messaoud field will reach the Mediterranean this autumn, and will begin pouring high-grade 35-gravity oil into tankers for the shuttle to Marseilles. Drilling proceeds at accelerating speed; additional pipelines through both Algeria and Tunisia, and up from south to central Europe are chartered for early construction, including one project for a line straight across to Europe under the Mediterranean; new-type tankers shipping frozen gas are on the planning boards.

It is estimated that within three years France will get half of the oil it needs from the Saharan wells. And five or ten years from now, if the geologists know their strata? . . . Surely the Arab oil conferees at Cairo paused to reflect on what the consequences for their nations might be if they lost their power to blackmail western Europe by the threat to shut down the flow of oil that keeps Europe's heart pumping.

Levittown

Levittown, rallying after a momentary retreat, has launched another assault on the minds of its "advanced sixth graders"—same weapons, same strategy, new dialectic. With a press-released potshot at "unwarranted, ill-considered pressures placed on an already overburdened staff," Superintendent of Schools Fred Ambellan restored to use a supplemental reading list distinguished by several slanderous references to Alexander Hamilton and the mildewed pacifism of Norman Cousins.

The articles and the kit had been criticized by NATIONAL REVIEW (Feb. 28, March 10) for mischievous oversimplification (*e.g.*, Hamilton was "a social climber like most great leaders of conservative causes"; and Cousins' "[if only we would] define the working basis of peace and freedom, Communism will have no place to go.") Shortly after that criticism was registered, Levittown's School Board, having suspended the use of it in the meantime, appointed a four-man committee to "examine" the material. It was on the basis of that committee's approval that the articles were restored. It is worthwhile mentioning some of the stated reasons for Levittown's whitewash.

First, there were the ululations of Lyle M. Spencer. Mr. Spencer is president of Science Research Associates, which publishes the educational kit, complete with 150 articles. Mr. Spencer mounted a tangent and galloped into the clouds. "The Hamilton passage," he said, "is not an acceptance of Hamilton's philosophy, but a refutation of it." We never entertained any doubts on that score, but Mr. Spencer apparently believes his statement takes care of that aspect of the problem. Next, to Mr. Cousins' article. "No one, I think," Mr. Spencer said, "would advocate such a war on the scale described by Mr. Cousins." And that's that. By ignoring every single issue involved, Mr. Spencer expresses "surprise" at NATIONAL REVIEW criticisms.

The School Board and its "investigating committee" are more subtle. Cloaking themselves in the garb of academic freedom-fighters, they parrot the NEA: "To give priority to a single exclusive system of beliefs would . . . deny the essence of [the democratic] aspiration." And besides, they add in chorus with Mr. Spencer, over a million students currently pursue their studies with the help of this educational kit.

We do not doubt it. And it is just such facts that help to explain the historical illiteracy and the moral callousness that a slowly rousing nation is beginning to recognize as the educationists' stamp on its youth.

Our Contributors: JOHN C. CALDWELL ("Red China's Three Mistakes") was born and educated in China, speaks Chinese and Korean and has spent many years in the Far East. He authored *Still the Rice Grows Green*, a book on Formosa. STEFAN T. POSSONY ("Strategy of the First Blow") wrote *A Century of Conflict*. He teaches at Georgetown University and is an associate of the University of Pennsylvania Foreign Policy Research Institute.

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National Trends

The Immaturity of J. W. Fulbright

FORREST DAVIS

The man to watch in Washington these days, as the Atlantic powers drift disjointedly toward Khrushchev's Summit, is Senator J. William Fulbright, an oracular, humorless, intensely ambitious statesman from the river flats of Arkansas by way of Oxford University's storied halls. Fulbright intends to use his chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee to rescue United States foreign policy from its "inadequacy" and help the American people, all too few of them beneficiaries of Cecil Rhodes' scholarship trust, "to grow up—to become more mature, more sophisticated, humble, subtle and wise."

In a speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors' annual meeting in Washington, wherein Fulbright announced his large intentions, he ceded to the President "day-by-day policy-making" in situations "like that in Berlin." Not so with the fundamentals. Fulbright added:

"The Senate, however, is very well equipped to deal with the longer-range, more basic questions" of foreign policy. "It is to these questions that I intend to devote most of my attention as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee."

Fulbright's discourse to the editors contained the usual Aesopian doublespeak of the cautious Flexible. It was hard to sift meanings from the lofty verbiage, but what the Senator seemed to be saying was that the American people—although they and not the responsible persons in Washington govern "our incredibly complicated and fragmented decision-making process"—are plainly incompetent. Too immature and unsophisticated, too prone to divert "steel into automobile fin tails" instead of school construction. Too unwise to share Fulbright's view that the greatest challenge to their well-being, peace and survival is not the military might of a Communist empire obsessively vowed to their destruction but a "psychological problem within ourselves."

We must look elsewhere to find Fulbright's prescriptions. To his emphasis on munificent donations ($1.5 billion a year for five years) to backward economies irrespective of United States and Free World interest, ahead of military assistance.

The Fulbright thesis that the United States government overemphasizes its military rejoinder to Soviet arrogance is the favorite current cliché of the Liberal Establishment. A thesis that likewise finds favor in a Moscow poised to strike at a half dozen points through its satellites. One hears the new isolationism propounded all about. Adlai E. Stevenson advances it repetitiously. The principal objection of the Establishment to foreign assistance is that so much of it goes to firm the military muscle of the free Chinese, the free Koreans, the Indochinese, the Turks *et alia*, and not enough for power plants on obscure Asian rivers. The point here is that Soviet Russia may arm its dependencies for war on the marches of empire, not the United States.

We find another Fulbright prescription in his demand that the United States recognize Red China. Another in his proposal that we foregather with Nikita S. Khrushchev genially and often, a proposal that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan has echoed and which evokes only disdain from statesmen who have most experienced the futility of negotiating with the Bolsheviks — Truman, Dulles and Acheson among them.

The Fulbright prescriptions could be ingenuous. If you grant that Fulbright understands the dynamics of the Soviet push for world dominion, if he has grasped the history of Soviet Russia's dealings with its intended victims, one is tempted to call his conclusions and the formulas built on them immature, if not unsophisticated. If he merely seeks a party advantage by suggesting a new departure—and Fulbright has shown himself narrow if not spitefully partisan in his treatment of Clare Boothe Luce and Ogden Reid Jr., and his refusal to agree to a congressional medal for Mr. Dulles without a quid quo pro—then he is reckless. The Dulles incident is illuminating. Senator Everett M. Dirksen, minority leader, asked Fulbright's approval for such a medal, Congress' way of saying "well done" to exemplary public servants. But Fulbright declined to go along unless at the same time a medal was struck for Mr. Acheson, who may or may not have earned the grateful regard of the Congress but who, in any case, has not run his course and presumably, being in his prime, looks to new laurels.

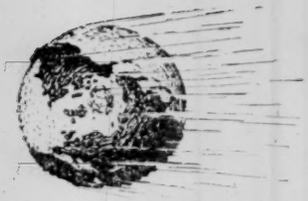
The danger posed by Fulbright's view of our destiny is that he has a will to prevail during the remainder of the Eisenhower Administration and, more confidently, after 1960.

There is more. A recent article in the *Washington Post* by the diligent and authoritative commentator on foreign affairs, Chalmers Roberts, declared that we were entering a new era in our Cold War relationships, an era when the reins of policy would be held by Fulbright, Herter and Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

Chalmers Roberts enjoys the confidence of the Establishment and publishes its doctrines. Referring to Fulbright's enigmatic address before the editors and some remarks of Nixon's before the same group that could be taken as nodding toward the Flexibles, Roberts wrote of them as "two of his [Herter's] closest associates and supporters." He concluded that "there is little doubt that Herter shares their thinking."

Assuming that Fulbright and Nixon have a similar attitude toward dealing with Moscow, Roberts supposed that they "are strengthened in their arguments because they have the active support of British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who, much more than President Eisenhower, is eager to try a 'new approach' to the Kremlin."

It well may be that the Vice President, a man of maneuver, was zigging in the interest of his Presidential candidacy and that Roberts welcomed him excessively to the Establishment. Not so Fulbright. He speaks the precise accents of the Establishment and is at the moment its most influential voice in the formation of national policy.



The Dulles Record: An Appraisal

JAMES BURNHAM

The undiluted personal tribute to John Foster Dulles expresses a sentiment more generous than the usual hypocrisy of public life. Friend, critic and foe all feel that Dulles has fought the good fight in terms that do honor to all of us as human beings, as well as to himself; terms that have a moral validity beyond the temporal conflicts that divide men from each other. It is necessary and good that this feeling—which provokes the eternal question: What is it, then, to be a man?—should from time to time take primacy in our judgment. It will be unfortunate if it wholly supplants the effort, which is also needed, to arrive at a balanced estimate of Mr. Dulles' policies and his regime as foreign minister.

The British *Economist* has thus summarized those personal traits that controlled Mr. Dulles' conduct of his public office: "That he is a brave man and a devoted servant of his country can be said now by everybody. . . . He has the quality that every great American has had, the quality of character; and to this he has added the humdrum virtues that matter in democratic public life, tenacity, conscientiousness, and sheer hard work in his job. . . . Mr. Dulles has inspired [unqualified confidence] in President Eisenhower on account of his tenacious grasp of the most intricate problems, the exceptional range of his diplomatic knowledge and the deep moral foundations of his judgment."

Stubborn in the Right

This "tenacity" backed by "deep moral foundations" has led other commentators to call Mr. Dulles "firm," "inflexible," "stubborn," "bullheaded," and (as some critics have put it) "ossified." By those adjectives they have meant that Mr. Dulles has resisted both Soviet threats and Soviet blandishments on the one hand and the timidities of allies on the other; and that he has been ready to go, in his own phrase, to the brink of war in order to block further Soviet advance. The refusal to recognize Red China, the actions on Quemoy and Formosa, the troop landings in Lebanon, the rigidity on the German question and the planned nuclear arming of western Europe are taken as the outstanding instances of the Dulles tenacity.

This tenacity, in concrete terms, is thus identical with what was called, under the Acheson regime, a "policy of containment." The Dulles *rhetoric* is different, partly because he was stuck with the 1952 campaign oratory. But in real content and in principle the Dulles policy has also been a policy of containment.

What has been distinctive about Mr. Dulles' version of containment is that he has really meant it. He has deeply believed in blocking further Soviet advance and has striven mightily to uphold his belief in practice. Communism is godless and evil; as such, Mr. Dulles has resisted it from the stern duty imposed by his Calvinist-trained conscience. Communism threatens his country and his civilization; therefore he has resisted as man of the West and patriot.

Limits of Containment

At the same time Mr. Dulles has accepted the negative implications of containment. While resisting fresh Soviet advance, containment renounces any initiative in pushing Soviet power back or attacking it from within. Mr. Dulles interpreted this negative rule strictly. Under his incumbency we have never taken even the smallest initiative. We have stood passively by, before, during and after the enemy's trouble on Stalin's death, the slave camp uprisings, the East German and Polish mass demonstrations, the Hungarian revolt, and today the revolt in Tibet. Mr. Dulles has, in fact, gone further than his Democratic predecessors in holding containment within its negative bounds. Under him the potentially "liberationist" activities (Free Europe, Free Russia and Free Asia projects, exile and underground operations, etc.) have been cut back and softened.

There is a theory and doctrine—or perhaps a rationalization—back of the policy of containment. It has been developed by conservative English writers, out of British imperial experience, and also by Trotsky and neo-Marxists. The theory holds that there is an ebb as well as flow in the sweeping tide of the great conquerors—Alexander, Attila, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, Wilhelm II, Hitler, Lenin-Stalin. If we manage to hold on during the flow, the ebb will leave us intact and able again to move forward.

In sociological terms: a successful revolution, when power is consolidated and the economy begins to improve, becomes softened and bourgeoisified. The firebrand leaders are replaced by careerists who, though they may repeat the old slogans, give up the grandiose world goals for the harvest in their own garden. W. W. Rostow of MIT, ideologically very influential with both CIA and the State Department, summed up a neo-Marxian version of the process in his Kings College lectures, "Stages of Growth."

But Not Enough

Mr. Dulles believes this doctrine, though perhaps not quite in Dr. Rostow's stylized version. Unfortunately it is a false doctrine, just as the logically correlated containment policy is a losing tactic. Under Dean Acheson's loose and slippery containment the Communists took China. Under Foster Dulles' verbally inflexible containment they have broken into the Middle East and are pushing into Africa.

Our admiration for Foster Dulles as a man should not be confused with our judgment on his policy. If that policy has been stubborn it has also been sterile. It has not been marked by a single creative idea or creative achievement. The very best that we can say of that policy is that under it, though we have continued to slip, we are still clinging. Maybe, granted all conditions, that was the most that was possible. But it is not enough.

The Hissiad: A Correction

The author of *Witness* denies saying Alger Hiss 'has paid his penalty.' Far from it: 'The wound is there, and its poisons continue to drain through the system.'

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

The ever-helpful press has been at it again, this time in the matter of Alger Hiss' decision to go to Europe, and the State Department's decision to issue him a passport for the purpose. Press treatment of this news reached a fine blossom in the paragraph with which *Newsweek* (April 20) wound up its story about the Hissiad: "At the weekend, endorsement of Hiss' travel plans came from an unexpected source. 'Alger Hiss is an American citizen who has paid his penalty for the crime of perjury,' said Whittaker Chambers. 'He has every right to apply for and receive a passport.'"

Whatever the intention, the effect of this paragraph is mischievous. Still, left to myself, I should probably have let it pass without comment. Why single out one item more than another from the quota of distortion that daily passes for news? But good friends insist that this one will deeply puzzle, and even dismay, many people. I am afraid that anybody of whom this may be true is in for a good deal of nervous shock, though for better cause, before this century ends. But I also agree that there are matters about which people have a right not to be puzzled and dismayed unnecessarily. So, for what good it may do, here goes.

Newsweek's paragraph begins with a fumble ("endorsement"), and ends, I am afraid, with a misquotation. Perhaps it can be said of *government* that it "endorsed" "Hiss' travel plans" to the extent that issuance of a passport supposes a considered decision. It cannot possibly be said of me. I have no competence whatever to "endorse" the Hiss plans, no means, no desire; nor, for that matter, any particular interest in a project about which I know nothing beyond the wispy report. I may (and do) speculate that this journey was a predictable next step in that public reorbiting of Mr. Hiss which is so precious a cause to his partisans, among them certain fairly formidable national figures. Beyond that speculation, the report that Alger Hiss is going abroad excites me no more than the news that several thousand other tourists are, even now, poised for the annual pilgrimage ("Ah, Venice—the Leaning Tower!")

Of course, I was aware from the first buzz what fanciful chigger would be inflaming the press just below the skin. For have we, even yet, learned anything that matters about these things, and how they work, and why? I seriously doubt it. Anyway, telephoning newsmen promptly produced the expected chigger in the form of the expected question: "Is *he* going behind 'the Iron Curtain'?" I said: "Of course, *he* isn't going behind 'the Iron Curtain'." Question: "Why do you say that?" Answer: "I must ask you not to press me on the point. You can easily figure it out for yourself." In short, if, for a decade, and in spite of everything, you had been insisting that you never were a Communist, you would scarcely, at first chance, streak for the Communist Empire. Mr. Hiss could find little that would serve his turn in going to Moscow; and neither would Moscow.

My guess would be that Hiss will home on London, to lay a wreath (figurative, at least) on the grave of the late Lord Chief Justice, who, for somewhat cryptic cause, was moved to write a handsomely slanted book in his favor. In Britain, Hiss has long had many partisans, literate, righteous, opinionated, and, in this case, completely muddled, as only clever English minds can sometimes be. There will be an epergne on the luncheon table.

Now to that part of *Newsweek's* paragraph in which I claim to be misquoted. It consists of the words: "[Alger Hiss] has paid his penalty for the crime of perjury." I do not believe that I said this because I do not believe it (except in the shallowest legalistic sense) to be true. So I am as certain as anyone can be, in the absence of transcript, that I could not have said it, even in the haste and annoyance of answering foolish questions. That is not the way the matter presents itself to my mind.

Hiss and the Truth

History and a lengthening lifetime have left me too uncertain on the general subject of society, and the question of debts to it, or penalties, for me to have put the case like that. Society and the least man in it are too bafflingly manifold, the chances of birth and heredity, of time, place, environment and history, too incalculable, for such easy packaging. Moreover, the Scriptural injunction not to judge is not only compassionate; it is almost self-servingly prudent. We never pass judgment on anything or anybody without, by that act, in the same instant, defining our own human limitation. The act of judging always, mercilessly, judges, first of all, ourselves.

Of course, it is true—life does not permit us to live, for the most part, in such terms. We live on the world's terms, and act within their web of reverend compromises. But, in those terms, I can think of few men of whom it seems to me less possible to say that he has paid any effective penalty than Alger Hiss. In his case, a penalty was exacted, and a suffering was incurred. But the horror of it derives only in the last instance (though it sounds heartless to say so) from Hiss' suffering as an individual man. The true horror of it lies in the fact that, on his side, the penalty and the suffering were sheer waste. There is only one main debt, and one possible payment of it, as I see it, in his case. It is to speak the truth. That,

to this hour, he has defiantly refused to do. Worse, he has spent much time and contrivance to undo the truth.

If this were a matter touching only him and me, it might be of little moment. Obviously, it goes far beyond any individual man. We are not playing games; we are dealing with the lives of "children's children" in the world we are preparing for them. There are insurrectionists of the 1956 revolt, sitting in Hungarian jails, and in the night that falls when hope fails absolutely, whose fate is touched by Hiss' defiance. And I find it difficult in the extreme to understand how certain of his perfervid partisans can pay lip-service to those resisters and their cause, and not make the basic equation between his defiance and their suffering. Beside it, his own, however immeasurable, loses scale. "With every dawn," Camus tells us of our time, "masked assassins slip into some cell; murder is the question before us." An historic lie on this scale helps turn the key that lets the murderers in.

A Central Lesion

But we do not need to travel so far as Budapest. That celebrated defiance touches much closer home. It divides the minds of some of the best men and women among us at a point on which, in this juncture of the human crisis, they need to be (and we need that they should be) most clear: the point of truth. Hiss' defiance perpetuates and keeps from healing a fracture in the community as a whole. And this is particularly true of that part of the community which is (or should be) the custodian and articulator of its collective virtue, *i.e.*, its mind. For when you accept a lie and call it truth, you have poisoned truth at the source, and everything else is sickened with a little of that poison. If you are looking for its monument, look around you.

You may say that all this is past and tiresome, try to sweep it largely out of sight and mind, and resolve briskly to get on to more pressing things. Your resolution remains chiefly bustle. The least, brushing touch (like this of Hiss' travels) shows that the wound is there, and fresh, and that its poisons continue to drain through the system. That is why the Hiss Case, though it has become modish in certain circles to glance away, though its dimensions in themselves are small among so many greater lesions, remains a central lesion of our time. That is why, ultimately, I cannot say (however differently I should prefer to get at it, at another level) that Alger Hiss has paid any effective penalty. For precisely he can end the lesion at any moment that he chooses, with half a dozen words.

Freedom to Travel

So much for that part of the direct quotation which I claim to be misquoted, and which, in any case, does not reflect my view. The rest of the quotation is fairly reported: "Alger Hiss is an American citizen. He has every right to apply for and receive a passport." This *does* reflect my view, though it was chiefly chance that it was said about Alger Hiss. I suspect that the misleading words were inserted (no doubt, with the best intention) by some newsman, trying to explain, for his own heart's ease, and his readers', how so bizarre a view came to be held by me.

The reason, if dismaying to some, is simpler than the one dreamed up. I am a bug on the question of unrestricted travel, as I am against the obscenities of wire-tapping, mail tampering, and related mischiefs that, in the name of good intention, are helping to pave the road that leads to 1984. I hold strongly that it is a right of man and of the citizen to travel freely where and when he will, and that any extensive restriction of that right is among the usurpations that feed the Total State. Of course, I know the arguments from expediency; here security is "the question before us." I have seen scarcely a shred of evidence, by contrast with the many sweeping arguments, that convinces me on this score. It is not the known Communists whose travels need greatly alarm us. Let them travel where they will, and let us observe their travels. They will take us to their leader, and possibly many NCO's en route. A dozen secret services, not only ours, must exist to watch them. It is the unknown Communist (or sympathizer) whose travels may work us harm; and to him a passport would be issued without question, in any case, because we do not know who or what he is.

So strong has this argument from expediency (or fear) become, that we have all but forgotten how recent travel restriction is. My generation grew up in an almost passportless world. In those days, the Russian Autocracy and the Turkish Sultanate were considered semi-barbarous, in part because almost alone, they inflicted on their nationals the uncivilized indignity of passports. To me, travel restriction seems chiefly to multiply the files behind which bureaucracies always gratefully barricade and entrench their positions, and fiercely defend them.

No doubt, in some quarters on the Right, such views will put me in a lonely minority. I can only urge most careful reflection on the matter. A little shift in the political weather, and it may be the spokesmen of the Right whose freedom of travel is restricted—with a certain smugness. The grounds will be expediency, of course. The precedent will be almost unassailable. Anti-Communists will have promoted it.

I think I can hear a crescent rumble rising: "Why, the man is talking like a Liberal." I have scarcely any interest in invective tags. My concern is not for the political geography of this or that position, but whether or not the position taken makes sense, and is, to that degree, as we say: justified. And of course I know too: Woe to those who grope for reality, and any approximate truth that may be generalized from it, in the No Man's Land between incensed camps. History and certain personal experiences leave me in little doubt about the fate of such seekers. They are fair game to the snipers of both sides, and it is always open season. But while Mr. Hiss hurries to his plane or ship, and the snipers wait for the man to reach, in his groping, the point where the hairlines cross on their sights, I may still have time to sort the dead cats into tidy piles—those from one camp, here; those from the other, there. As one of my great contemporaries put it: "Anybody looking for a quiet life has picked the wrong century to be born in." The remark must be allowed a certain authority, I think, since the century clinched the point by mauling with an axe the brain that framed it.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The New Dark Ages: "Book" as a Four-Letter Word

I read enough of the specialized academic, educational and publishing-trade press to have supposed I was no longer susceptible to shock. But a report in *Publishers Weekly* of the American Textbook Publishers' 1959 management conference shattered my assurance that I knew the worst. The session was devoted to "new developments in educational materials and media of instruction" and was well bolstered with some twenty-five "guest experts" from the Fund for the Advancement of Education, the National Advisory Committee on the National Education Act, the National Education Association, and various universities and school systems.

What was exposed at this session was a glimpse of things to come, things partly already here, in the Brave New World of the intellect which the Liberal worship of the instrument—of technology—is building for us. The up-and-coming planners of the intellectual and educational future, who dominated the conference, proclaimed the theophany of the gadget, the conquest of mind by machine—the victory of television, the electronic calculator, and "mass communications technique" over the spirit. And no one in the assemblage, as far as one can find out from the published report, rose to say them nay.

Let me be clear. I am not denying the auxiliary value of television and "audio-visual aids" in the training of students in some technical subjects, any more than I would deny the value of diagrams in a technological manual. But the challenge laid down at this conference—and not only here, but wherever the Liberal view of education is today put forward, as in the *Saturday Review*, in the *College Board Review*, increasingly in the educationist press—is of a different order. It is the claim for these gadgets not as auxiliary, but as central; not for the purposes of training (which is the conditioning of operators), but as the essence of education (which is the civilizing of human beings and the opening of souls). Though, of course, neither to these men nor to their Deweyite predecessors is there any distinction between the two functions.

What we are seeing now is the second stage of the Liberal and Deweyite revolution in education. The first substituted man for God and whim for value. This second abolishes man in turn, and with him, his whims. No longer do we hear of "child-centered education" as the foundation of educational theory, but, instead, the talk is of "the technological revolution in communication which is shaking the roots of modern society," of impersonal processes, of the inexorable movement of science, of "the wave of the future." A materialist determinism, as inhuman as it is ignorant and scornful of the divine, buries the very concept of education as the exaltation of the young to truly human status, through their initiation and indoctrination in values permanent in time and beyond time.

The educationist servitors of this determinism threatened the assembled publishers: either accept the future or "be carried kicking and screaming into the new educational era." The sanction was economic: if the books they publish are not reduced to the level of auxiliaries to the central process of electronic education, they will go bankrupt. "Your books look too permanent," scolded Philip H. Coombs, Secretary of the Fund for the Advancement of Education. "The better job education does in stimulating new scientific and cultural developments," said John E. Ivey Jr., executive vice president of New York University, "the faster it makes its curriculum, study materials and teachers obsolete." Poor Socrates.

True education depends upon the interplay of mind with mind, of soul with soul. It has nothing to do with masses, with audiences, even with groups as such. The true teacher moves the members of his class severally. Ideally, education is the relationship of one teacher to one student; and the nearer the approximation to the ideal, the better the teaching.

The only substitute for that direct relationship is the voice of a teacher communicated through the book to the solitary student. Both modes, personal teaching and the book, depend upon the word (human analogue of the Word). For it there is no substitute. It is the carrier of reason, as it is the stuff of poetry. The glory of the West has rested largely on its understanding of this; and the descent of the West into barbarism can be measured by the degree to which it forgets this.

Mass Education

But the word requires, to be effective, the personal dialogue between two minds which is the essence of education. Mass classes with visual aids, mass student audiences for television "educational" presentations, though they may help train technicians, move regressively farther and farther from educating men.

The hair-raising concept of Professor Zacharias of MIT, presented at the publishers' conference, that one satellite orbiting at the same speed s the earth rotates could broadcast "educational programs" to more than half the earth's surface, approaches the absolute opposite of education. All that would be necessary to make the horror complete would be to have another satellite on the other side of the earth broadcasting the same program. The teacher and the book would be finally subordinated to planet-wide gadgetry and its manipulator servants.

"A good book," wrote John Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." And again: "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself."

Edward P. Adkins, the national coordinator of NBC's *Continental Classroom*, generously conceded to the publishers' conference: "In education 'book' is not yet a four-letter word." Not yet.

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Unions: Modern-Day Condottieri

In the literature of "countervailing power," the labor union is fully accepted as a constituent element of the so-called "new pluralism." Heaven knows that the unions bulk terrifyingly large on the horizon: a Jimmy Hoffa threatens to make common cause with a Harry Bridges to tie up all land and water transportation, and it is common knowledge that the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE) can dominate national elections by concentrating its money and literature on twelve urban districts in eight states. Even so, there is something suspect about the theory that supinely accepts the labor union as a permanently effective institutional power center.

The chief reason is that the labor union is not an *organic* entity: it is merely part of a whole, an organization of abstracted fragments, and if it gets too far out of line with the whole it discovers that its own malfunctioning recoils upon itself. Surely this is a key to what has been happening in Michigan, where Walter Reuther, who was riding high a few years ago as an agent of automobile labor's "countervailing power," now finds that his numbers are dwindling and his treasury is no longer a bountiful cornucopia.

Antagonistic Cells

The big unions are part of a bigness that includes such "countervailing" agencies as the Farm Bureau Federation, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Medical Association, the World Council of Churches, the National Education Association, the Committee for Economic Development, and so on. But the unions differ from the other countervailing agencies in being what might be called a cross-organization device. The big national unions do not represent going concerns, but merely parts of going concerns. The Farm Bureau Federation, on the other hand, represents farms as going concerns, as producing entities. The National Association of Manufacturers represents corporations, which commentator Peter Drucker regards as the "truly constitutive" units of modern society. The big national labor unions gain their leverage by planting antagonistic cells *within* the going concerns that are represented by other national agencies. Inevitably they behave like *condottieri;* inevitably some of their activities result in what amounts to social cancer.

Voluntary Unionism

These are hard words. Let me be quick to soften them by observing that, historically speaking, big business has tended in the past to get the union movement it deserved. There is always a place for a purely voluntary union movement: any free man has a right to hire an agent to bargain for him if haggling over hours, wages and working conditions happens to be personally distasteful to him. The corporations of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were entirely in the wrong in insisting on such legal devices as the so-called yellow-dog contract; they had no business denying to the worker the right of choosing his own spokesman. Naturally force begat force—with "union" and "closed shop" contracts supplanting the yellow-dog contract once labor got the political power to impose its will.

But all of this is now in the past, and it does not alter the point that the big national union cuts across the lives of corporate organisms. It is as if the kidneys of the human race were to be organized coercively against human bodies. The fact that kidneys can be mistreated does not, by that token, mean that the kidneys can "take over." Each kidney must somehow achieve a harmonious working relationship with its own surrounding body.

Corporations no longer meet union *condottieri* on the battlefield. They no longer hire their own "coal and iron police." But this does not mean that the corporate organism does not move to protect itself, and to keep its wholeness. If the union *condottieri* become too obstreperous, as has happened in Michigan, the corporations discover ways of hiring mechanical men (which is what automation amounts to). In so doing the corporations also manage to upgrade their retained living workers into white collar automation "programmers" and skilled gauge watchers. Since they are no longer mere human cogs doomed to perform boringly repetitive tasks, the upgraded workers in a modern automated factory tend to reidentify themselves with the corporate purpose of the business. They want to see the corporation make money so that they can make money themselves.

The New Harmony

The big national union will, no doubt, ride high for some time to come. But it is doomed as an explosive political force the moment a majority of the big corporations discovers ways of making its employees feel that they are integral parts of their workaday productive units. There are many ways of doing this. Some companies bring their employees into corporate harmony by paying them a "wage dividend" in addition to ordinary wages. Sears, Roebuck accomplishes the job by profit sharing. The Lincoln Electric Company of Cleveland, Ohio, does it by giving its workers practically all the money that is saved by trimming shop overhead to a fantastic minimum. In the Lincoln Electric plant the workers do most of their own inspection. Paper work is eliminated by doing away with standard inventory practices; the workers in each production bay keep track of their raw material and parts supplies, and when these supplies are running low they simply inform the company purchasing agent. The astounding efficiency of the Lincoln Electric Company workers means that they earn twice as much as electrical workers elsewhere.

P.S. Lincoln Electric has no union troubles.

Red China's Three Mistakes

Red China's grandstand "good neighbor" policy toward the committed and uncommitted nations of Southeast Asia is cracking up, so claims this genuine "China hand"

JOHN C. CALDWELL

About three years ago Gloomy Joe Alsop wrote a *Saturday Evening Post* piece in which he described the "frightening" strength of Communist China, its massive and dedicated armed forces and its vast program of industrialization. At about the same time, Alsop described Quemoy (then undergoing one of its periodic crises) as completely indefensible.

Within the past few weeks Joe Alsop, excited by events in Tibet, has cautiously ventured a prediction that there might be a general explosion in China. Seldom has an event so intrigued Americans as the rebellion in Tibet and the escape of the Dalai Lama. Our news magazines and newspapers have been filled with features and commentaries on this land so distant that it is the least-likely-to-be-visited spot in the world.

Tibet's significance cannot be understood merely in terms of the fighting there, or even in terms of the impact of events upon the Buddhist world. There are not, in fact, as *Time* magazine has stated, 500 million Buddhists in Asia who will be profoundly moved by the persecution of their living God. The average Buddhist in Korea, Japan, China, or Vietnam probably could not even identify the Dalai Lama.

Loss of Face

The importance of Tibet lies in the fact that its greatest impact will be felt in the very part of Asia which has been most in doubt, most in danger. The full impact of Tibet must also be considered in relation to two other serious Communist mistakes. Considering Tibet and the other mistakes which I shall describe, we can perhaps begin to hope for even bigger events within Communist China. Certainly after almost a decade of success in its foreign relations, China has stumbled badly and has lost tremendous face.

China's two other serious mistakes, certainly in relation to its position in Asia, are the development of the communes which began just one year ago, and the Chinese trade offensive which was at its height last year. Let's first consider Tibet, its religious impact, in true perspective.

Over two thousand years ago, India gave its religions and culture to much of Southeast Asia. Hinduism passed peacefully into all this area, including the islands of Indonesia. Buddhism followed, and at the same time this religion moved northward into China, then into and across the Korean bridge to Japan.

Buddhism supplanted Hinduism in Indonesia and then in turn was replaced by Islam. Further north, and also on the island of Ceylon, Buddhism and Hinduism flourished together for years. Thus in the great temple city of Angkor Wat in Cambodia we find magnificent temples which were built as Hindu shrines, used by Hindus and Buddhists alike for a while but which finally became entirely Buddhist.

In India itself, Buddhism died and Hinduism survived; in Ceylon and in Southeast Asia the opposite occured. To this day Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Burma and Ceylon are solidly Buddhist. In Thailand alone, there are 19,000 temples and monasteries. In each of these countries the saffron-robed *bonzes* or monks play a vital part in village, city and national affairs.

As Buddhism moved northward and westward, into Vietnam, China, Korea and Japan, it lost some of its purity. In Japan, Buddhism and Shintoism long thrived together, borrowing from one another. The Chinese attitude is typified by the story of the famous sixth-century philosopher, Fu Hsi, who wore a Taoist cap, Confucian shoes, and a Buddhist scarf.

We must be realistic and understand that from the religious standpoint, the impact of Tibet will not be too great in China, Korea, Japan and Vietnam. But in the heart of Southeast Asia and in South Asia, the impact may be of tremendous importance. This is the area which has received the greatest amount of Communist attention. For over a decade Communist agents have infiltrated schools and newspapers, banks and other business enterprises. Red Chinese aid missions, purchasing missions and cultural groups have flooded the area.

Burma, Ceylon, Cambodia plus Indonesia with its rich cultural heritage from India, have become neutralist. They have long since recognized the Chinese People's Government. Only Thailand and Laos have remained, uneasily and insecure, on the Free World side.

We can imagine what must already have happened to the Chinese general in Tibet who started this affair rolling. Perhaps Americans can understand the impact of this persecution of Buddhism's living God by thinking in terms of our own Western Hemisphere. Our government is anxious to have better relations with Latin America. We have increased foreign aid: there have been emissaries from our President, numerous conferences and meetings.

Latin America is traditionally and solidly Catholic. Now let us suppose that at the very time the United States was busily wooing Latin America, it also began to persecute the Roman Catholic Church. Suppose

that a leading and beloved Cardinal was told to get out of the country and was forced to take refuge in Mexico. Obviously, if such an event occurred, relations with Latin American countries would be wrecked. The economic aid missions, the study conferences, the emissaries from Washington could not possibly undo the damage. And that is exactly the chance Communist China has taken in the very area she has so assiduously and successfully wooed for nearly ten years.

Trade Campaign

Perhaps the Chinese can extricate themselves from this situation. But this colossal mistake has been compounded by other errors.

Early in 1958 China launched a massive trade campaign in Southeast Asia. In part, this campaign was directed against the Japanese. For example, the Chinese made a barter agreement with Japan, and among other items received Japanese cement. The Chinese put the Japanese cement in "made in China" bags and then proceeded to undersell the same product in Hong Kong, Bangkok and Kuala Lumpur.

China's trade offensive was also designed to impress Asians with Chinese industrial versatility and know-how and to make friends with businessmen and consumers by providing high-grade but inexpensive items. During 1958 the Chinese exported an amazing assortment of goods; bricks, so cheap that local factories were forced out of business; sewing machines and bicycles; typewriters and watches; radios and ceramics; luxury food items, including quick-frozen pheasant, wild pig and mountain sheep. In the summer of 1958 Communist-made saccharine appeared in Hong Kong, selling at 4.05 a pound in Hong Kong dollars; the long-established price of American saccharine was HK $8.40 a pound.

The Chinese goods were attractively packaged. Buy-now-pay-later terms were offered. Communist traders approached prospects with these words, "What price are you paying for Japanese pottery? Okay, we can sell it five per cent cheaper and give you a liberal loan to buy it with."

The Japanese were hurt, but the campaign had other unexpected effects. While I was living in Hong Kong in 1958, there were several small riots because local factories, undersold by the Reds, had to go out of business. In some cases financial disaster was so complete that management was unable to provide severance pay. The workers were not happy.

All over Southeast Asia local manufacturers began to feel the pinch. The consumers liked it, for a while. But the worker in Hong Kong or Malaya who was able to buy a cheap Communist-made bicycle, and then lost his job because his employer was put out of business by Communist competition, began to feel embittered.

The Chinese of Southeast Asia called this campaign "the silent invasion." For a time it was a huge success. The Japanese were hurt. Red Chinese trade in Southeast Asia jumped from $50 million in 1954 to almost $80 million in 1958.

But the "silent invasion" backfired. Local businessmen first, then consumers, began to complain. During the last months of 1958 and the early weeks of 1959, Malaya ordered its Chinese banks (all Communist-operated) closed; Malaya embargoed trade with China and sent a trade commission to Formosa. Laos discontinued all China trade. Thailand, long infiltrated, with a press that was almost totally under Communist control, did a complete about-turn. Trade with Red China was outlawed; the pro-Communist press put out of business.

The "silent invasion" hurt the Japanese. It turned the Japanese businessmen, long most vociferous in their demand for normal Sino-Japanese relations, against China. At about this same time the Chinese made another serious error. They attempted to interfere in Japan's general election. Even the U.S. has never been accused of that!

Thus it was that long before the Dalai Lama's escape, the business community of Southeast Asia had become thoroughly disenchanted. With these actions the Chinese have alienated two important segments of society: the huge, devoutly religious Buddhist community and the business community.

Now I come to Red China's third mistake, an internal Chinese matter, which has profoundly affected one of the most vital segments of Southeast Asian life.

Refugees

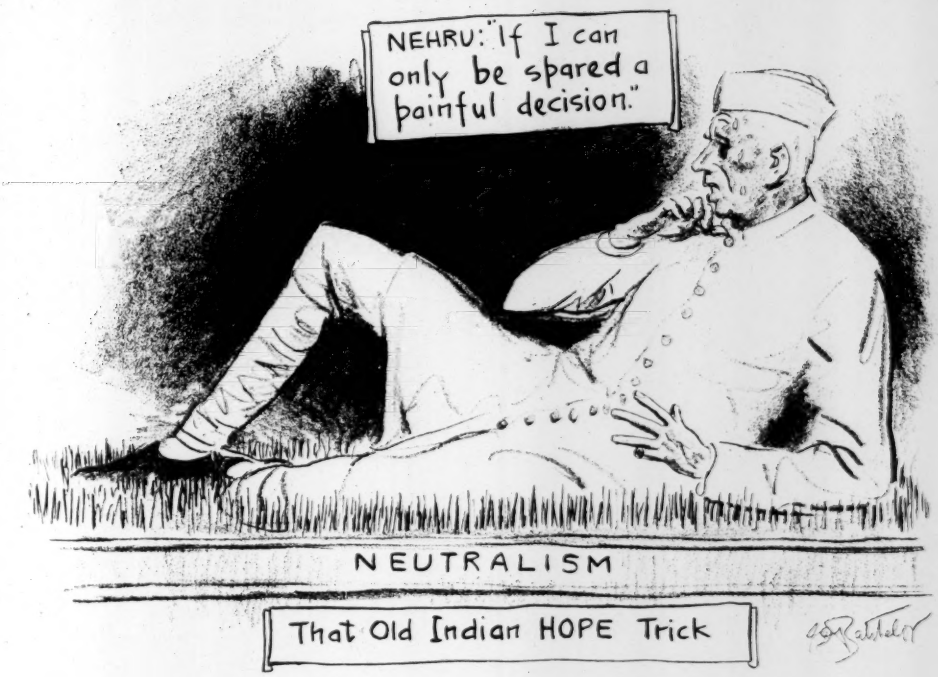
While I was in Hong Kong I interviewed scores of refugees from China, who still slip across the border at a rate of more than eight thousand a month. In the past, the refugees have included landowners; businessmen, large and small; Christians; anyone with past Free World connections that could become embarrassing.

Late last year more and more farmers and fishermen began to appear among the refugees. Many of these were illiterate folk, often hard pressed to explain adequately why they had taken the long and dangerous journey to freedom. It was obvious that many of them, an increasing proportion with each passing month, could not stomach the communes. Within the past few weeks thousands of fishermen, slated to be organized in communes, have arrived in Hong Kong. On several occasions a fishing village has fled en masse.

During the past six months the commune life with its sixteen-hour day has become well publicized in Hong Kong, in Bangkok, in Singapore. The story of the new order in China with its abolition of family life; of a system in which a man can visit his wife only twice each month and has but two days off each month, has spread throughout the great Chinese communities of Southeast Asia.

The Overseas Chinese have never been too sold on Communism. But they had a sense of pride in the New China which was able to stand off the might of the United Nations in Korea: which had become a nation feared, if not respected, all over Asia. Many of the Overseas Chinese had relatives in the Motherland, and many hoped that they could be buried in the soil of their native villages. They collaborated with Communist agents, allowed their sons and daughters to return to China for schooling.

Since 1950 an estimated 20,000 young Overseas Chinese have gone "home" for their education. For almost eight years a big Dutch passenger liner was kept in full-time



service between Singapore and Hong Kong, shuttling thousands of young Chinese to the Motherland. As far as I have been able to ascertain this ship made two trips during 1958 and none in 1959.

The remittances sent by Overseas Chinese to the homeland are an important index of support. Remittances from Hong Kong have averaged $5 million a month since 1950 but now average less than $2 million. Over a ten-year period Singapore and Malayan remittances have averaged $670,000 a month. Since the establishment of the communes in China, the average has dropped to about $300,000—less than 50 per cent. The flow of money from Vietnam and the Philippines has been reduced to a trickle.

Lost Illusions

The story of commune life has definitely disillusioned thousands of Overseas Chinese. They are shocked at the attack made on the very traditions that we have come to associate with "the Chinese way of life." The vital importance of family relationships, the whole framework of society that has been passed down and revered for centuries, has been shattered.

The Overseas Chinese have long been Red China's main target in Southeast Asia, for these are the bankers and the small businessmen, the publishers of the biggest newspapers, the operators of theaters. Eighty per cent of Singapore's population is Chinese; 45 per cent of Independent Malaya's population is Chinese; there are four million Chinese in Thailand, over two million in Indonesia.

The Chinese, apt with phrases, have long called the attack on the Overseas Chinese the "Kungsing" campaign. Translated literally, this means "attacking the heart." Inasmuch as the local Chinese populations control Southeast Asia's economy, this was a vital phase of the Communist program. Because of the communes, the success of ten years of "attacking the heart" has been seriously endangered, and China's position among the fourteen million Overseas Chinese has been jeopardized.

Because of "the silent invasion," businessmen, consumers and finally governments have become disillusioned, have taken steps against Chinese trade. As a side effect of "the silent invasion," Sino-Japanese relations are at a low point.

And finally the attack on Buddhism, the escape of the Dalai Lama, has infuriated the great Buddhist community of Southeast Asia and Ceylon.

We have come to believe in America that the Communists do not make mistakes, that we must always be on the defensive. But it must be apparent that junior partner, at least, is not infallible and has made three serious errors. We know, too, that China's internal problems are multiplying. Rebellious tribesmen in Tibet have been joined by other rebels in Sikang and Suiyan provinces. There has been a revolt in predominantly Moslem Yunnan province, and at last reports rebels were still holding an important market town. There have been numerous small-scale uprisings against commune life—an attack on commune headquarters, the burning of commune rice barns.

What Could Happen

The final results of China's errors can only be a matter of hopeful conjecture. Perhaps this might also be a time for wishful thinking, a bit of day dreaming.

Let us suppose, for instance, that thousands of Nationalist soldiers could land on the South China coast. Let's suppose that Formosa-based planes could attack communications, highways, bridges. Let's suppose, too, that 600,000 battle-trained South Korean troops simultaneously launched an attack into North Korea, to the Yalu, and beyond. Already beset by troubles in Tibet and West China, with smouldering resentment apparent all over the land, China would be hard pressed to withstand such attacks. Those already fighting would be given heart, would fight harder. Rebellious peasants, armed by air drops, would dare to take further action.

Presumably China would call for help. But what help could Russia really afford, except for threats? If Russia became involved in junior's mess, her profitable Middle East machinations would be jeopardized. How could she continue her Berlin crisis while rushing help to China? What about her own restless satellites?

This, of course, *is* wishful thinking. We do not live in a world where such forthright action against evil seems possible. The British press would be enraged at such happenings; Mr. Nehru would be shocked. This would be typical Dulles-type brinkmanship!

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Dr. Adenauer's Decision

Dr. Adenauer's decision came to Germany's man-in-the-street as a total surprise, but as we indicated at the time of the last German elections, certain CDU circles had planned to persuade Dr. Adenauer to take President Heuss' place at the expiration of the latter's term. This was not thought of as an "honorable way out" for Dr. Adenauer, but as an intelligent device to "economize" the grand old man's energies and to keep him as a central figure for the party.

Young Kai Uwe von Hassel, Prime Minister of Schleswig-Holstein, was the driving force within the CDU in the campaign to persuade Adenauer to choose the Presidency, a "controlling back seat." He was strongly supported by one of Adenauer's best friends, Pferdemenges, a well-known Cologne banker. Another reason why the decision could not be delayed was the announced candidacy for the Presidency of Dr. Carlo Schmidt, a Socialist. Schmidt is a rather witty intellectual, an ambitious man who hesitated between the two major parties before making his choice ten years ago and who belongs to the right wing of the SDP. He would ideally have fitted the role of a non-partisan President, and his chances of election by the Diet were good—until Adenauer decided to run.

Also, in view of Adenauer's advanced age, it was necessary to solve the problem of his successor as Chancellor and this will be done shortly. The two leading candidates are Finance Minister Franz Etzel and Economics Minister Dr. Ludwig Erhard. The latter would have been a natural choice, except that Erhard, who had been Adenauer's candidate for the Presidency (an "appointment" he had originally accepted), decided not to run when he was flooded with letters asking or rather imploring him to stay where he was—to continue as the wise and efficient guide of the German economy. Both Etzel and Erhard are Lutherans, and since the Presidency now will fall to a Catholic, it is almost imperative that the Chancellor's place be filled with an "Evangelical." (The term "Protestant" in Germany is obsolete.) The Evangelical Church of Germany, aware of this behind-the-scenes struggle, solemnly declared only a few days ago that competence alone should be the decisive factor in political roles and governmental appointments. The reader is reminded that about 66 per cent of the CDU's voters are Catholics, that 42 per cent of the CDU representatives are Evangelicals, and that the steering committee is divided on a 50-50 basis.

Adenauer himself was uneasy about a Catholic as German President, since West Germany's population is still 54 per cent Lutheran. Yet the Evangelicals on the governing board of the party were precisely those who insisted that such considerations be ignored.

Remote Control

The arguments for changing jobs were too cogent and too strong for Der Alte to reject. There was every reason for this step to be taken immediately in order to assure the continuity of the party and, above all, of Germany's foreign and internal policy. Imagine what might happen if Dr. Carlo Schmidt, a brilliant but flighty man, were to become President and Konrad Adenauer continue in his present job and then become gravely ill. It would be the signal for the ambitious men in the party to fall out among themselves, and a wild, chaotic struggle for succession would result. As things now stand, a new Chancellor will be appointed with Adenauer's blessing and he himself will continue to lead the party by remote control. Adenauer regrets inordinately that he can't be in the firing line during the 1961 elections. He would like once more to help deal the Socialists a smashing electoral blow. Here is a man who really loves a fight!

It was highly amusing to watch the initial reactions after Adenauer had said "yes" to the candidacy. There was untrammelled jubilation among the Social Democrats—and in the Kremlin. Ollenhauer, the Socialist leader, declared solemnly to the press: "Adenauer has resigned because he acknowledges the defeat of his adamant and uncompromising policies!" The whole mafia of German leftist intellectuals went into an orgy of self-congratulation. The leftist (and part of the not-so-leftist) British press perceived with joy the dim outlines of a *Pax Russica* assured forever, and Herr Wehner, the actual boss of the SDP, a former Communist, shouted: "Too good to be true!"

Leftists Dampened

These elements were quickly sobered when the word leaked out that Adenauer had spent the preceding days in an intensive study of the *Grundgesetz* (Basic Constitution) in order to see what an energetic and dynamic man could do in Germany's presidential chair. And what he found from his reading must have satisfied him.

A cold shower for the Left was not long in coming. Forty-eight hours after Adenauer's acceptance, the Chancellor delivered his speech, just before boarding the train for his vacation. First, he cursorily reviewed the world situation and Germany's position. He somewhat unexpectedly criticized certain portions of the British press and ended by telling his listeners that Germany's Presidency is by no means a purely decorative post; and that his change of office would not be tantamount to a change in policy.

As could be expected, the premature shouts of triumph from Germany's leftists changed overnight into howls of indignation. "He is quite capable of establishing a presidential republic," is the opposition's cry of indignation. It was an excellent lesson on the dangers of wishful thinking.

As to Germany's internal policy, a hopeful (or depressing) saying has sprung up overnight: *"Es bleibt alles beim Alten."* This has a wonderful double meaning, implying either "Everything stays as it is," or "Everything remains in the hands of the Old One."

ADVERTISEMENT

Preparing for the Vacuum

The incongruity of the Great Depression in the 1930s prepared the bewildered and idealistic mind of youth for acceptance of the promises of socialism. For some time before that, advocates of the virtuosity of political power had been peddling their ideas, but somehow youth clung to the American idea of social and economic health by way of individual improvement, and socialism remained a bad word. But the collapse of the economy and the consequent confusion opened the way to acceptance of the idea that heaven on earth could be attained by individual submission to the dictates of an all-wise government.

A quarter of a century has passed and the techniques of socialism have been tried; the tradition of individual freedom has all but been wiped out of American consciousness. And the results are far from what the sophomore of the 1930s was led to accept. Disillusion is creeping into the sophomore mind, even though the faculty, which was trained during the heyday of socialistic faddism, by and large remains loyal to its juvenile enthusiasm.

What social and economic philosophy will the current crop of college students bring into the world of affairs? True, they are still accepting the socialism of their professors, but more for the purpose of graduation than with conviction; there is all about them too much evidence that in practice it is nothing but a harmful nostrum. But the rejection of socialism leaves them with an intellectual and spiritual vacuum. Nothing else on which to feed their intellectual curiosity and to arouse their native enthusiasm is being offered to them.

Unless this vacuum is filled, the only philosophy of life these students will bring with them into the second half of the century can best be described as "What the hell's the use?" Or, more likely, "Get while the getting is good and let the world take the hindmost." Perhaps it should be called the "Oh, yeah?" philosophy. That is, the vacuum will be filled with despair, with sensualism, with a disdain for both culture and principles.

It is with the hope of avoiding this deleterious consequence that this organization is trying to present to the elite on the campus, those who are destined to be the leaders of the future, a body of values —with an understanding of how the free economy makes for both plenty and the dignity of the individual, with faith in freedom, with awareness of the impossibility of attaining the good society through political action.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Dean Church: A Great Victorian

If we would know the meaning of a liberal education, we still turn to the writings of John Henry Newman. The problems—or most of them—which plague us nowadays were discerned a century ago, and no man addressed himself to them more cogently than did Cardinal Newman.

Yet if we still read Newman and some of his contemporaries, we usually neglect some Victorian figures that ought still to have meaning for us. One of these is the eminent Anglican divine Richard Church, Dean of St. Paul's. Dean Church's studies of St. Anselm, Dante and Pascal remain models of the critical essay, and much of his other work ought to be read afresh in our day. A friend and contemporary of Newman, active in the Oxford Movement, Church remained an Anglican when Newman turned to Rome.

Now a twentieth-century Anglican clergyman-scholar of the old breed, the Reverend B. A. Smith, has given us a critical biography of Richard Church: *Dean Church: The Anglican Response to Newman* (Oxford University Press). Mr. Smith, who is rector of an ancient (and vigorous) church in York, has a philosophical mind and a good style, and touches upon many important aspects of nineteenth-century thought in the course of his observations on Church. He sums up Church's significance thus:

"He belongs, as a moulder of public opinion, somewhere between Newman and Matthew Arnold simply because he persisted in offering a modest alternative to them both. He shared with them a sub-Coleridgian position by refusing to dismiss the life of institutions as a curse. All three believed in the traditional pieties bequeathed to the world by Christendom. They resisted the revolutionary demand of the century to break down the old structure of reverence and erect in its place something individualistic, cerebral, and new. Yet, despite this conservatism, Newman and Arnold could not avoid the necessity to improve upon the plain Christianity of their upbringing. . . . [Church] was ranged with Newman as a man of religion in the orthodox sense, and with Arnold as an avowed inheritor of the civilized mind. But whereas they, in different ways, present dogma and criticism as alternatives and erect Catholicism and Culture into the prime enabling systems which men must first espouse in order to be saved, he stayed where he was. As a mere Anglican he trusted the Gospel, unbuttressed still, to reveal its power whenever men would try to obey it."

"One-Sided" Education

Dean Church's remarks on education do not approach the bulk or power of Newman's writings on the subject. Yet Church has some sound things to say to us, particularly in his "Education" and his "Intellectual Self-Sufficiency," two sermons included in *Pascal and Other Sermons* (1895). In our generation, "educating the whole child" has become rather a silly slogan of the educational Progressivists. Church employed that phrase, but meant something else by it. I quote from his "Education":

"Education deals not with any one part of man, but with the whole man; it really does so whether it will or no; for a one-sided education damages by its neglect what it refuses to care for. It must embrace the child as a creature with wonderful capacity for knowledge and thought, with great risks from ignorance and mistakes; it must embrace him as a creature endowed with conscience, capable of goodness, sure to be tempted, meant for immortality. It must prepare him for opening his eyes to the truths and necessities of his condition here; it must acquaint him with the laws of his moral nature, with the dangers of his moral weakness, with the hopes of his redemption. Education is true and noble, and has the promise of success, in proportion as it fulfills these two conditions; in proportion as we are able to make it not only a ministry of light, but a discipline of duty; in proportion as it not only expands the mind, and trains its powers, and furnishes it with the skill and knowledge which are the implements by which we do our work on earth, but also finds its way to the heart, and moulds and strengthens character, and fits the soul for the fierce conflicts of passion which await its course —for that 'fatal' and terrible 'war' which 'our desires wage with our destiny.' Education is worthy of its name only when it deliberately sets before itself as its purpose, however it may be hampered in realizing it, that its office is to make the change between childhood and manhood, as God meant it to be; not merely to sharpen wits, or impart information, or cultivate faculties, but to ensure, as far as possible, that when children pass into men they shall recognize their Eternal Father; they shall know who died to save them; they shall feel from whose hands they came, and what they were made for; their eyes shall be opened to their high calling of duty now, to that unspeakable future of holiness, and love, and rest, which is the goal of all our running."

This is a far cry from what the Progressivists have endeavored to accomplish in their "educating the whole child." We have neglected, in American education, the disciplines of which Church speaks; the warnings; and the great promise and end. Our American errors, by the way, now are making their way into Britain, tardily —at the very time when we ourselves are beginning a painful restoration of learning—and many of them are being inflicted upon the rising generation in the state schools by the London County Council and the Scottish educational authorities.

Richard Church—who entered Wadham College, Oxford, in 1833, and did not die until December 1890—observed keenly the main currents of nineteenth-century thought. Mr. Smith knows this whole field well; his section on "The Growth of Newmanism, 1833-40," is particularly interesting. Chapter Seven, "The Ritualist Battle," also is most informative. *Dean Church* is a book about an educated man.

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

Socialist Science Fiction

STANLEY PARRY

Under the pervasive influence of progressive and socialist thought the modern mind has shifted its social perspective. There was a time when the gifted member of society "turned his eyes to the stars," as the saying went. Such a man considered his society a place where he rooted himself deeply in order to find the meaning of life. Although it has its abuses, there was a nobility in this attitude and a deep reverence for society as the precious context of human endeavor. The socialist mind, however, whether ruggedly scientific or maudlinly humanitarian, sees things differently. The gifted man, it seems, should turn his gaze not to the stars but to the future. For his society is not a precious heritage but a prison from which he must escape, not the bearer of meaning but the negation of it.

This position manages to combine a truly profound disdain for existing society with an equally profound love for some abstract society of the future. It finds greatness in destruction, hope in chaos, and repose in abstraction. One of the more charming, literate and blatant formulations of this perspective may be found in R.H.S. Crossman's *The Charm of Politics* (Harper, $4.00).

Mr. Crossman, to be sure, is not a *real* socialist. His is the milder British Labor world. In it the rigors of class domination have been watered down into élitist power struggles that occur over the heads of the hapless population. Nobody is going to get liquidated. Indeed it looks as though nobody is even going to get completely expropriated. Something much worse is going to happen; we will all be equalized. In this future world there will be no stupid, aristocratic élites to frustrate our destiny. Rather, in the classless calm of the British welfare state the intellectual Left will inform the people, out of whom by some inexplicable process, wisdom will then flow.

It is only against this background that I find unity in the collection of vignettes Mr. Crossman has pulled together here. *The Charm of Politics* is not an arid theoretical work but a collection of essays, sprightly and querulous in turn, on some thirty of the leading political figures of the twentieth century. Consequently it lacks the unity found in a consecutively reasoned discourse. But as we follow Mr. Crossman's reflection we perceive two unifying themes: 1) a profound disregard for existing society, and 2) an interestingly anomalous attitude toward "the people."

Mr. Crossman is not happy about the society he lives in. And his unhappiness goes to the root of things. Concerning traitors like Fuchs, May and Hiss, he is clear-sighted enough to know that they were traitors. But, as he sees it, a serious moral man is hard put to live consistently in our immoral society—and poor Mr. Oppenheimer is the best illustration of this truth. Conversely, although Mr. Crossman is clear that the Communists are our enemies, he bases a consistent anti-anti-Communism on the charge that anti-Communism is a revolution from the Right.

Perhaps more deeply revealing, however, on the question of the nature of existing society is his condemnation of Arnold Toynbee and Michael Oakeshott. It sticks hard in Mr. Crossman's craw that both of these men propose to preserve our society. What is worse, Mr. Oakeshott appeals to tradition—a fascist trick—and Mr. Toynbee thinks élites supply the dynamism of society. Of all the figures he discusses, these are the two who put Mr. Crossman's urbanity to the severest test.

As a sub-theme running through the essays, we find that much of the evil in our society must be laid at the door of power élites who struggle blindly in this dusk of capitalism. The leaders of these élites are either stupid intellectuals (Chamberlain, Eden), trimmers (Rab Butler) or else they manage to do the right thing by blind chance and pure lack of thought (Churchill, and add Roosevelt). In this inferior world of power élites, politics is a matter of naked power. Guile and low cunning are the prerequisites for success. It is not a nice world at all. In fact it is so evenly corrupted that the evil use of power is identical with the unsuccessful use of it. Any other distinction between good and evil is sheer rationalization.

Now all this leaves Mr. Crossman in an interesting position with regard to "the people." The difficulty is that in a democracy the people do vote and affect policy—and make mistakes too. But this is easily explained. Élites and cynical party leaders mislead the people. Mr. Lippmann gets his knocks for having written such drivel about the people in *The Public Philosophy*. (The rose in this thorn bush.) The people are basically good. Let us have none of this talk about recalcitrant human nature. "For if the top crust of civilization is cracking, the men and women underneath are sound enough to restore even Mr. Muggeridge's belief in human nature." (p. 113) The unpleasant features of mass society are accounted for by adverting to the newspaper owners who publish tabloids and to the journalists who distort the insights of the Left. Remove these and the innate goodness of the people will well up. Mr. Crossman, that is to say, appeals from the people drunk to the people sober. He loves an abstract people, a people of the future. And he is only too

willing to let the "top crust of civilization" break in order to release the deep down goodness that is underneath.

AGAINST this amazingly frivolous position the hard truth is clear. Society is not perfect. It will never become perfect. The struggle to keep power married to right and justice is an unending one. The mature mind accepts this situation as the defining reality within which justice must be sought. An immature petulance about élites or an unjustified faith in the unproven goodness of an abstract entity called "the people" cannot take the place of hard and careful thought about the fabric of society and the "crust of habit" that constitutes civilization.

It has been said before that the individual is foolish but the group wise. This is true on that profound level where by group is meant that historically continuous body of men arching over the centuries, united, past with present and both with the future, in a common stock of painfully accumulated wisdom. Even the élites are true and good only to the extent that they are rooted in this stock of wisdom and apply it creatively to emerging situations.

One might point out to Mr. Crossman that perhaps the real source of the obvious disorder in our day is precisely that the top crust of civilization *is* breaking. And instead of nature's noblemen, a vast horde of civil servants are coming out from underneath. Mr. Crossman detests civil servants, and in this I cannot say him nay. Perhaps the best cure for his love affair with the future would be for him to be "processed" by one of England's welfare ministries. It would serve him right.

Strategy of the First Blow

STEFAN T. POSSONY

War and the Soviet Union by H. S. Dinerstein (Praeger, $5.50) is one of the most important books to appear recently. Superseding all previous discussions of Soviet military doctrine, it deals directly with the primary problem confronting the United States: is the Soviet Union bent on all-out nuclear aggression? Dinerstein's findings depart radically from many cherished preconceptions about Communist strategy and should have the effect of a bomb bursting among a herd of ostriches.

The author is a skilled historian and an expert in content analysis. He brings to his task strategic comprehension and a broad understanding of the Soviet scene. He documents every statement with painstaking accuracy and interprets it through precise semantics. His deductions are not based upon haphazard quotations, but on true insight into the development of Soviet thinking.

During Stalin's regime the intellectual problems of nuclear war remained unresolved; this, of course, did not hinder the Soviet Union from acquiring long-range nuclear air weapons. After Stalin's disappearance, a violent discussion arose about the proper place of nuclear weapons within the revolutionary scheme. One faction under Malenkov, taking the destructive power of nuclear weapons as its premise, argued that the Soviet Union merely need build a nuclear deterrent force. Implying that in the nuclear age war should be retired as the locomotive of history, it suggested, or so it seems, that the Cold War be terminated and an accommodation with the United States be achieved. This group publicly expressed its belief that in a nuclear war *all* civilization would be destroyed.

A second faction, which gradually passed under Khrushchev's leadership, professed to believe that nuclear war would destroy *only* "capitalism" and that "socialism" would escape unscathed from nuclear conflagration. It forced Malenkov to retract his theory of the ubiquitous destructiveness of nuclear war and proposed that Soviet armaments should aim at objectives far more ambitious than deterrence. According to Dinerstein's reconstruction, this dispute over the nuclear issue was the main reason why Malenkov was kicked out. The Khrushchev faction argued that nuclear weapons should be used to full advantage by the Communist managers of conflict, either to force surrender or cause the destruction of the United States.

DURING February of 1955 the Soviet military doctrine was modified, presumably by formal party decision. The gist of this change is that strategic surprise attack was upgraded to become the crucial factor in modern war. According to the current version, successful nuclear surprise attack may decide the outcome of an entire war; if it fails to do so, it still will influence the course of the conflict from the first to the last battle.

As a corollary to this doctrine, the Soviets believe that modern war knows only two effective methods of initiation: deliberate aggression through strategic surprise or "preemption," that is, the prevention of a suspected enemy surprise attack by striking the first blow oneself. The Soviets have sworn that they never will be caught napping by a nuclear surprise blow. They emphasize that the Soviet Union is capable both of launching pre-emptive counterattacks through *striking the second blow first* and of defending itself against those remnants of the attack force which escaped pre-emption. They are hinting very plainly that they also are capable of initiating offensive action whenever the moment is opportune. The long and the short of it is that Soviet nuclear weapons must strike U.S. territory *before* American nuclear weapons strike Soviet territory.

More recently, the Soviets have begun to claim that the ICBM is a decisive weapon. Heretofore they always denied that a single weapon system ever could acquire decisive importance by itself. They stressed that the totality of military power embracing all weapon systems and conflict techniques would be the decisive factor. Dinerstein points out that the planned accuracies of Soviet ICBM's, as disclosed by the Soviets, are such that these weapons are designed "at least as much to strike actual military targets as to deter an enemy attack." The Soviets see in the ICBM the "weapon of surprise *par excellence*." The Soviet ICBM system "is now assigned essentially,

although not exclusively, to a first strike mission."

Dinerstein believes, probably rightly, that the upgrading of the ICBM to the rank of a decisive weapon system "reflected a party decision on the highest level." According to his interpretation, the party decided that a "qualitative change had occurred." "In Marxian theory, . . . quantitative changes in the relation of social forces occur *within* an historical period; when the quantitative changes become so great as to constitute qualitative changes, a new epoch in history is marked." The author suggests that Chou En-lai's speech of February 10, 1958, should be read in this context: Chou asserted that the launching of the Sputniks constituted "a new turning point in the world situation." Communists are committed to exploit favorable opportunities. Hence monopoly possession of a decisive weapon system, particularly a short-lived one, presumably would require faithful party members to act.

Despite the decisiveness ascribed to the ICBM, the principle of the combination of all arms still holds. Thus, the Soviets still contemplate the utilization of bombers, perhaps with air-to-surface missiles which, in their interpretation, may solve the problem of accuracy and reduce the loss of heavy aircraft. They also are paying great attention to submarine-launched missiles, to airborne and ground forces, and to civil defense.

THIS IS a dependable, accurate and meaningful exposition of Soviet concepts. But the question arises, whether the Soviets think they could occupy the United States. If they were to convince themselves that such an occupation could not be accomplished by military means, how could they defeat American capitalism? At this point, because he has chosen to disregard Communist conflict doctrine (as distinguished from Soviet Russian military doctrine), the author's analysis falls flat. Dinerstein writes as though the Soviet strategic concept has a wide gap. Yet this apparent gap has been covered by numerous party resolutions on strategy, for example by the resolutions of the Sixth Comintern Congress issued thirty-one years ago. The author is bewildered because he ignores the role of the Communist Party and its satellites which as a "political army" form an integral part of the Soviet conflict machine. Communist doctrine calls for nuclear forces to strike the initial military blow, whereas the *last* blow is to be struck by the political army. The war is to be won by the seizure of power from within the United States, not by military occupation from without. Nuclear holocaust must create a revolutionary situation which is to be exploited by local Communist *or concealed* Communist forces for internal violent or political conquest.

An excellent and well-informed writer like Dinerstein should not have fallen into the trap of pseudo-objectivity. Our present academic mores insist that analyses of Soviet problems be based on a plethora of Russian language quotations, but it is *de rigueur* to neglect specifically Communist texts. It is all very well to quote Generals Pokrovski and Talenski or even Marshals Zhukov and Sokolovski, but Stalin made far more important contributions to the strategy and tactics of Communism than the few peripheral points which the author discusses. Dinerstein has paid no attention to master strategists like Tukhachevski and Frunze, and I am slightly dumfounded to discover that Lenin was altogether ignored in this volume. This only goes to show that good books can be written despite strict adherence to idiotic academic canons. Dinerstein's

Random Notes

A new book club, the **Mid-**Century Book Society, has been formed, with W. H. Auden, Lionel Trilling and Jacques Barzun (all formerly associated with The Readers' Subscription) as editors; Arnold Bernhard, investment analyst and head of the Value Line Investment Survey, as president; and Sol Stein (author of a recent play on the Hiss case, and a contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW) as executive vice president.

Henry Regnery Company announces the purchase of the firm of Reilly and Lee. With the purchase go the rights to the Oz books and the works of Edgar A. Guest and Harold Bell Wright.

Howard Fast and a movie press agent, one "Mike" Beck, are producing a film version of Mark Twain's bitterest, most cynical book, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*. . . . Jack Dempsey's life story, as told to Bob Considine, will be published by Simon & Schuster in the fall. . . . In the wake of the brilliant victories of the Italian bridge teams, Doubleday has already published, and Simon & Schuster and New American Library will shortly publish, books on the Italian bidding systems. . . . The publishers of Dell books have just paid out **$265,000 as an** advance on royalties for a sequel to *Peyton Place*, imaginatively entitled *Return to Peyton Place*.

Looking Glass Library, a new series of children's books emphasizing the "major tradition of children's literature," will be issued by Norman Podhoretz, Celia Carroll and Jason Epstein, all formerly of Anchor Books. The titles will be chosen by a board consisting of Phyllis McGinley, W. H. Auden and Edmund Wilson. The first list includes: *Five Children and It* by E. Nesbit, *A Book of Nonsense* by Edward Lear, *The Peterkin Papers* by Lucretia Hale, *The Princess and the Goblin* by George MacDonald, Andrew Lang's *Blue Fairy Book*. The series will be distributed by Random House.

Note on the acuity of contemporary critical intelligence. A study published by Wayne State University reports that of 25,000 reviews of 4,322 books, appearing in the 81 journals covered by *Book Review Digest*, 4.7 per cent were unfavorable. F. S. M.

book is trustworthy and conveys a crucial message to the United States, but it is incomplete and does not assess the *full* danger.

The author's message is that the Soviet Union is preparing offensive nuclear war against this country. The recognition that this is indeed the case should be the starting point of all mature political discussions within the American community. I criticized the author for ignoring Lenin. I may as well praise him for ignoring the phoney quote imputed to Lenin by so many conservative folklorists, that the Communists plan to conquer the United States by needling it into "bankruptcy." No statement of this kind, which would be entirely contrary to Communist doctrine, ever was made by Lenin. The voluminous documentation presented by Dinerstein should kill, once and for all, the amateurish contention that inflation is the *greatest* threat to American security. Not that inflation is not a serious matter; it is just that national life and death are infinitely more important. It is high time that Conservatives devote themselves to the *overriding* problem: What is an effective conservative policy to handle and subdue the deadly threat of Communist nuclear attack?

The Common Sense of Bagehot

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THERE ARE few truly literate people today who *haven't* heard of Walter Bagehot; on the other hand, there are few who have actually read him. He bulked large in his own mid-Victorian England (as editor of the *Economist*, as expositor of the English Constitution, and as commentator on both life and literature). But students do not go to him today as they go to Carlyle or Arnold or Ruskin, or (to pick figures from an earlier time) to Coleridge or Burke.

There is some mystery about this, a mystery which is only partially dispelled by Norman St. John-Stevas' useful *Walter Bagehot: A Study of His Life and Thought Together With a Selection from His Political Writings* (Indiana University Press, $7.50). It is not enough to say that Bagehot, since he was neither conservative nor liberal, inevitably lacked cutting edge. Burke himself could be described as just such a liberal-conservative or conservative-liberal. It is not enough to argue that Bagehot was unsystematic as a thinker; few English literary worthies have been systematic, but that has not kept them from being read.

The truth would seem to be that Bagehot was so full of common sense that he tends to disappear into the common-sensical background of the Victorian sixties and seventies. Few Englishmen of that period were doctrinaire about liberty; few had become doctrinaire about socialism. The times were placid, they were well-to-do—and if Darwinian evolution had scared religious people, Bagehot was enough of a mystic to scare nobody with his particular application of the evolutionary theory to the realms of economics and constitutional law.

Bagehot, as Dr. St. John-Stevas revives him, was a pre-eminently sane and healthy man. He was full of high spirits, he enjoyed the world of mid-Victorian business, he was something of an athlete, he believed in the life of the senses, he preferred William Morris' art to his socialism, and, though he was very much the intellectual, he had only contempt for the type of intellectual who conspicuously lacks intelligence. His worldly qualities enabled him to accept the realities of government and industry with a certain measure of good-natured cynicism; for example, he thought a modicum of placid stupidity a good thing for a nation, since it could be counted on to forestall drastic reforms or mad adventures or ideological savagery. But with all his worldliness Bagehot remained a man of morals and of reverence; he never doubted that the Universe had a foundation apart from "that accessible to the senses." Moreover, though he excelled in describing the worlds of banking and of trade, he actually considered that undue preoccupation with economics tended to make one an incomplete human being. "How," he asked, "how can a *soul* be a merchant? What relation to an immortal being have the price of linseed oil . . . or the brokerage on hemp . . . ? The soul ties its shoe; the mind washes its hands in a basin. All is incongruous."

IN HIS WORKS on Lombard Street and the English Constitution, Bagehot has preserved the economic and political institutions of his mid-Victorian times in the aspic of some of the clearest and most refreshing prose that has ever been written. Bagehot could pierce through a welter of detail to the philosophical fundamentals of a subject with unerring precision. But it was as a psychologist that he particularly excelled. What really interested him was how men reacted to institutions, and how they made them work.

Looking at men in their workaday habits, he struck off aphorism after aphorism. Though his own moral faculty was strongly defined, he knew that morality is only part of man. "Nothing is more unpleasant," he said, "than a virtuous person with a mean mind." He hired William Morris to decorate his home—and when Morris took his own good time about it, he wrote: "Morris is composing the drawing-room as he would an ode." He believed that writers should go into business, or travel, or become soldiers, or engage in some other activity—for "the reason why so few good books are written is that so few people that can write know anything."

It amused the cynic in Bagehot to note that hierarchical advancement in church and school seemed to depend on non-spiritual and non-scholarly aptitudes. "In general," he said, "we observe that those become most eminent in the sheepfold, who partake most eminently of the qualities of the wolf." Of rich people he remarked: "The *prowling* faculties will have their way. Those who hunger and thirst after riches will have riches, and those who hunger not will not." Of Brougham, the reformer of the early nineteenth century, he wrote: "If he were a horse nobody would buy him; with that eye, no one would answer for his

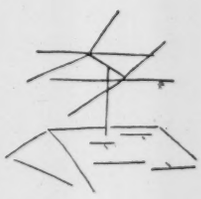
temper." In another passage in his Brougham essay he remarked that his subject had the faculty of easy anger—"like an Englishman on the Continent, he is ready to blow up anyone." As for nations: "The French treat deduction as a game, induction as a grievance." The English, on the other hand, think only in terms of committees—they are "born with a belief in a green cloth, clean pens, and twelve men with grey hair. In topics of belief the ultimate standard is the jury."

Despite his incurable Protestantism, Bagehot reminds one of Hilaire Belloc in many ways. He objected to a conservatism based on fear. "The essence of Toryism," he said, "is enjoyment. . . . The way to keep up old customs is, to enjoy old customs; the way to be satisfied with the present state of things is, to enjoy that state of things . . . "

To return to the mystery of why Bagehot has been forgotten: he aspired to be the prophet of an England that would combine the best features of Burkean conservatism and the classical liberalism of those who wished to let the energies of men flow into voluntary patterns. But England, in the very decade after Bagehot's death, took the Fabian road. In a world devoted to the dreariness of Sidney Webb, Bagehot's reputation could hardly thrive. If and when England revives, Bagehot will be rediscovered.

Television

A Word on our Behalf



JOHN LEONARD

I PROPOSE to defend my generation. It requires defense from such hackneyed assaults as the recent CBS television presentation "Generation Without a Cause."

Senator J. William Fulbright and Walter Cronkite conspired to take two half-hour looks at Rutgers undergraduates and Greenwich Village beatniks, and came up with the judgment that this generation is "conforming, complacent, and cautious." Our cup runneth over. From North Beach bistros and bagel shops to Beacon Hill, we are labeled, psychoanalyzed, second-guessed, worried-about, apologized-for, tried, judged, sentenced, and executed. We are accused of apathy, silence, and lack of commitment. We don't care, or we care only about ourselves. We belong to Jack Kerouac or Nelson Algren or Charlie Parker or the Ivy League. We swathe ourselves in J. Press, find affirmation in a Scotch bottle, worship the dollar sign, and keep our sex life antiseptic.

And all the while we are possessed of a built-in compulsion to keep "uninvolved," to keep our necks tucked safely away inside our buttondown collars. We avoid keyholes and commitments, ideas and ideologies. We are not Communist or radical, reactionary or bohemian; indeed, we aren't even Republican. Psychoanalysts caress our libidos and the *Saturday Review* speaks of mushroom clouds on our mind's horizon. We spend our college years spinning a sweet cocoon: Security. That means the suburban barnacle and the Book-of-the-Month Club, club cars and cocktail parties, a flexible moral code without too much passion or too much fidelity.

Such generation-labeling is common tripe from *Time* or "human ecology" majors without a thesis topic. But the habit of diagnosis has itself become a disease, and the virus is spreading. From critics in little magazines to speakers before faculty clubs, and finally to novelists freshly catapulted from the college campus into the *New York Times* Book Review section. And now television.

"As we listened to the jazz," intones Cronkite from New York's Five Spot Café, "we watched the students responding to it. Here, where the rebellion of their generation was supposedly most extreme, we found their reaction restrained, subjective, private."

Cronkite is not alone.

Richard Frede calls us the "IBM Generation."

Life says we're Silent.

Holiday calls us Casual.

Editor dubs us Introspective.

Playboy thinks we're Beat.

I say this generation was older when it was born than its critics will be when they die. And we are developing a healthy persecution complex. Why, we are asked, are there no political strikes as in the 1930's? No panty raids? No student parades? Why don't we cheer when our football team loses, or leave school to fight for Castro, or run off to San Francisco and join the middle-aged poets who finally found a bandwagon? We are accused of sitting the whole day long and brooding on ourselves. We are spoken of as a collection of pink-cheeked and buttoned-down Hamlets, muttering Saturday night soliloquies to drunken roommates and bedroom mirrors. We are convicted of both cynicism and complacency. This generation (and here, indeed, is a distinction) sustains more volunteer fathers, pinch-hitting priests, wizened teachers, and tired, sad men leaping onto our funeral pyre and shouting the oration than any other since Pericles!

Why? Is it therapeutic in these troubled times to reduce a complicated reality to terms and tags that allow it to be cubbyholed and forgotten? The mistake CBS makes, and with it a good deal of the popular press, too, is in deciding that manners (which, like a suit of clothes, are superficial) are convictions (which are essential, believed in, and acted upon). Spend two hours at an undergraduate cocktail party listening to suave souls in brown tweed and matching pipe discuss *Lolita*, and you incline to a pessimistic view of the younger generation. Life

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and literature make for facile conversation, elicit shy laughter from dates, and lubricate good will toward its twin goals of sex and sophistication. But if Walter Cronkite, or Richard Frede, or any other of our quickie chroniclers, will eavesdrop on that same suave soul as he talks to the girl he intends to marry—try it some midnight in one of those all-night cafeterias—he stands to get his preconceptions singed. Doubt, hope, concern, equivocation, conviction—not very unique, comfortably familiar, encouragingly sincere attempts to understand what things are all about.

The reticence of this generation is a reticence to express itself, not a reticence to believe. The scientific age, in the name of Reason, has tumbled gods and banished panaceas and destroyed that cluttered world of absolutes our grandfathers conformed to. It has hoisted relativism to the altar and hastened us in to worship. It becomes a problem, then, for a generation required to drink these dregs over four years of university life, to seek and sanction a set of values. Where do the values come from? They will not come from manifestoes and impassioned rhetoric, from student strikes and conclusion-jumping. There is no especial virtue in making a fool out of yourself. Our values are going to come from a quieter dialectic, a more meaningful commitment.

One final point: can a generation be anything until it has done something? Wouldn't it be fairer, Mr. Cronkite, to wait a couple of decades until we have groveled a while in statesmanship, and in commerce, and in the arts, and only then attempt an evaluation? And, in a century perhaps, a judgment? It is still doubtful you would be right (generations of people are composed of people, and people are individuals) but you wouldn't be quite so wrong.

Movies

Disney Rides Again

FRANCIS RUSSELL

As a child I knew Grimm's and other fairy tales by heart before I was myself old enough to read. My mother in her precise English, my Aunt Amy with her somewhat nasal New England accent, would read to me through the enchanted afternoons those stories of our Western inheritance that became almost more real than the actuality of the shabby Boston suburb where we lived. The wind curling across our hill was the wind that blew Conrad's hat away. Falada's voice echoed under the American pignut trees. Rapunzel, Rumpelstiltsken, the Frog Prince, were part of my created world. And the background that at times ran dark and bloody—wronged children and poor Falada's head nailed above the gate—was the age-old background of life, not that of an antiseptic suburb; something that a child's instinct accepted naturally. When from the upper bedroom window of our two-family house I could see the red sunball sinking over the line of the Canterbury hills I knew that somewhere beyond the ridge was the land east o' the sun and west o' the moon, a land one reached by traveling for a year and a day.

The other afternoon I thought again of the world of wonder and mystery that these old tales have renewed for each generation of children as I watched a matinee performance of *The Sleeping Beauty*. In charity one must admit that Disney's task was an impossible one. For the fairy tale is something to which a child must bring his own creative self. Dreams that are confected by someone else are no dreams, even if that someone else is a corporation willing to spend six or eight million dollars and employ some hundreds of artists for a period of several years. Seeing the film, I was reminded of those chicken-wire and plaster Storeyvilles in the Adirondacks where one may find Rapunzel's papier-mâché tower with a dummy prince fastened on for the season at the half-way mark.

The Sleeping Beauty, as adapted from Perrault and further kicked around the studio conference room, has become a kind of Western *en dentelle*. Disney's princess (Hail, Princess Aurorer!) meets her prince in the wood where she has been secreted by her three fairy godmothers, women of the supermarket-commando type. The Disney bestiary has the usual slick coyness of his animals. Compare Donald Duck with Beatrix Potter's Tom Kitten and you will see how much we have degenerated in half a century. Princess Aurorer, a premature sixteen, is already beating the bushes for a boy friend. The Prince is, well—just Prince Elvis. It must not be revealed (reviewers' ethics) what happens after Princess Aurorer touches the fated spinning-wheel. Prince Elvis, however, is ambushed by some bend sinisters bossed by a yellow-eyed dame named Malificent. As one of the fairy godmothers remarks: "They got the prince!"

But, as in all Westerns, Prince Elvis escapes and fights his way to his baby doll. Waking her with a kiss, he waltzes her away into a heaven of blue to the strains of Tschaikowsky's waltz—now more appropriately entitled "Once Upon a Dream."

Around me were small boys cramming themselves with popcorn, little girls in "cute" pancake hats. What the children would remember from such technicolor blatancy I did not know. But I did know what they had lost—the sense of enchantment that my child's self had found in my mother's reading from the edition of Grimm with the delicate Walter Crane illustrations:

> And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and the queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth became still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

The film will no doubt make money and run for years, even though such a parody offers the poor children only celluloid for gold. Yet perhaps I had underestimated the resilience of the young, for as varicolored disney-birds twittered across the monstropic screen above Princess Aurorer and Prince Elvis, a little girl ahead of me asked with loud solemnity: "Ma, can we ride on the elevated going home?" I felt all was not wholly lost.

To the Editor

De Gaulle's Speech

With reference to the "real mystery" posed by the extraordinarily able Kuehnelt-Leddihn in NATIONAL REVIEW [April 25] concerning de Gaulle's speech of March 25, I venture to offer an explanation I have heard from a specialist in French politics.

The explanation has to do with France's historic relations with Poland and the special tug which French culture is said still to exert among the Polish intellectuals. It should be noted also that Moscow uses the bogey of revision of the German frontier to keep alive Polish resentments against Germany, free rather than satellite.

De Gaulle's rather ambiguous comment on the border question, according to this interpretation, was intended as an offset to Moscow's agitation with immediate reference to the turmoil throughout eastern Europe over Berlin.

Such a construction would account for the failure of the Adenauer Government to react adversely, the silence of the *Bulletin* of Bonn and the deprecating statement by the "Federal Government spokesman."

I offer this as one, if not THE, explanation of why a de Gaulle firmly linked to the Chancellor should have raised the border question at all.

Washington, D.C. FORREST DAVIS

Orthodox Nonconformity

In a footnote to his column [March 28], Dr. Kirk mentions the growing Liberal conformity to the ideal of nonconformity. Not too long ago the dictum was expressed (in NATIONAL REVIEW, I believe) that "If there's anything a nonconformist hates, it's another nonconformist who does not conform to the current standard of nonconformity." When I quoted this to a friend—Lewis Grant, of the Chicago Rocket Society—he regaled me with the story of a "beatnik" acquaintance who expresses his nonconformity by a shaggy-dog haircut. The misbarbered fellow was rather irritated when Lew suggested that to be a really nonconforming nonconformist, he could wear a pigtail!

It seems to me that beards are becoming entirely too common to properly identify the nonconformists. Beards are now *orthodox*. Therefore, I propose that the modish nonconformist should wear *half* a beard. Depending on one's politics, either the left or the right side of the face will be smooth-shaven.

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE W. PRICE

Mr. Cousins Explains

During the past six weeks I have been traveling most of the time, hence the lateness of this response to your article in NATIONAL REVIEW ["Did Cousins Cozen the Pilots?" by Frank A. Tinker, February 28] about the matter of United Airlines and the United Nations emblem. Late though I am, I should be grateful to you for publishing my reply.

You quote the following statement from my editorial: "A company must identify itself with the things that make for forward motion in the nation and the world. . ." And then your author comments: "Or face a boycott."

If you read the original editorial and the subsequent pieces, I don't think you will find that I have said anywhere that any company that fails to meet public service specifications should face a boycott. In fact, you will find not a single word of criticism for those companies which refused to follow Mr. Patterson's lead in putting up the emblems. I said specifically that no business organization is under any obligation to put up a United Nations emblem or any other emblem. Those companies that refused to follow Captain Dent's suggestion were exercising their proper options. The editorials made this clear. The point at issue was that Mr. Patterson had staged a prominent press event to announce that he was putting up the emblems. He took the emblems down under pressure threats of boycott. He staged no press event to correct the impressions that his earlier action had created.

I don't like boycotts any more than you do. But it seemed to me that Mr. Patterson had specified the currency of this particular debate when he reversed himself under pressure.

In any event, Mr. Patterson's recent letter to me effectively ends the argu-

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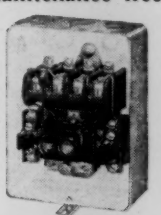

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ment. What he wrote seemed to me to be both persuasive and cogent in the main. He reaffirmed his support of the United Nations; he said he had made an honest effort to advance that cause. He found himself in the middle of a public controversy, and this was no place for his company to be. Hence his action.

We published his letter in full. In the accompanying editorial, we made some of the foregoing points and then ended the editorial by saying that we were resuming our patronage of United Airlines.

It is possible your article was written before Mr. Tinker had a chance to see either Mr. Patterson's letter or my reply. The purpose of this communication, therefore, is to correct a misimpression concerning my intent and to bring the story up to date.

New York City NORMAN COUSINS
Editor, *Saturday Review*

Mr. Lyons' Thesis

Few who have read the books will disagree with Eugene Lyons' basic factual point ("Folklore of the Right," April 11): Boris Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* and Milovan Djilas' *The New Class* are not Communist plots. To believe so is, as Mr. Lyons accurately observes, a "deviation" of the Right's "sectarian" wing; and the point needed making.

But Mr. Lyons unbalances his discussion by failing to stress the more common and influential deviation of the Left and Center: the tendency to inflate both the intrinsic value and the anti-Communist significance of such writings. *Dr. Zhivago* is a moving but diffuse and uneven novel; *The New Class* is below-medium sociology. Pasternak and Djilas are personally courageous and pathetic, though ineffectual and somewhat ambiguous men. To orient our moral outlook or "psywar" strategy on them and their works is a kind of cultural pro-Titoism, and gives rise to the same sort of delusions and lamentable consequences in practice as political pro-Titoism. The lavish attempts to exploit the Titos of both varieties for Western ends, spiritual or strategic, have in practice been dismal failures.

The cold truth is simply that we have got to write our own books, just as we must fight our own battles. No Tito, no proxy, is going to do our job for us.

Kent, Conn. JAMES BURNHAM

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